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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Collapse of the Centrum

IN the rapid political advance of the National Socialist party in Germany—Hitler received in the elections of last March only 43.9 per cent of the votes cast, or, with the Nationalists, 51.9 per cent, and to-day he rules the entire country unopposed—all other parties disappeared like sand-castles before the tide. It was thought that the Centrum—the oldest and best established of all—would, in some way, survive, but the only recognition of its pre-eminence which it received was that it was the last to be abolished! Its dissolution convinced the world, as nothing else had done, that Hitler's Government was aiming at absolute power, and that Germany as a whole had surrendered herself into its hands. For all practical purposes the Nationalist section of the combination has ceased to exist; all legislative and executive power is in the hands of Hitlerites. Probably none of the parties which, the Centrum and the Socialists included, voted unanimously in support of the Chancellor's Reichstag declaration on May 16th, anticipated this result, yet it was clearly foreshadowed in the Nazi programme, developed, under twenty-five points, and declared unalterable as long ago as February, 1920. Therein, citizenship was made continuous with race, and the expulsion of the Jews as aliens explicitly recommended; therein the unification of the German Federation under a centralized Government with unquestioned authority, and hence the disappearance both of separate States and opposition parties, was decreed. What could not, perhaps, have been foreseen was the rapid and wholly ruthless way in which the programme, backed by the hitherto pent-up feelings of forcibly repressed nationalism, has been carried out. With a Government which treats, not only supposedly anti-national Jews and Communists, but even honest German critics, as outlaws, who can be imprisoned, beggared, tortured, killed, with impunity, no open resistance is possible. The Centrum had no choice: the Lutheran

churches had no choice: the one had to dissolve itself with dignity, or be dissolved by brute force: the others had to accept a State official as Primate and to conform to disciplinary State-regulations or be suppressed. Only the supra-national Catholic Church has preserved her rights substantially inviolate. We may judge, then, how far prejudice can blind and pervert understanding, when the *Spectator* (August 11th) admits to its columns a statement of this sort—"The Churches were forced from the courses they had chosen, and duly assimilated—the Roman Catholic more easily than the Protestant—with the State." It is the Catholic Church and her twenty million faithful German children that will yet save the Reich from the results of the excesses to which fanatical Nordic racialism have driven its present Government, making it at once the scorn and the menace of Europe. Herr Hitler has said "the revolution is over," but those who heard similar words from Kerensky know that it is easier to start than to stop a revolution.

The Cause of "Resurgent Nationalism"

UNTIL the Reich recovers its balance, the rest of the world can only wait and look on, trusting to the logic of facts rather than to arguments to convince those narrow nationalists that their ideal of self-sufficiency is self-destructive, whilst sorrowfully confessing its own responsibility for much of that resurgent and frothy nationalism. The more it is studied in its aims and consequences, the more clearly is the Versailles Treaty seen to have been, in its main idea—punishment—and in many of its details—prohibition—a document supremely foolish: there is no other more suitable word. Germany was beaten, weakened by civil strife, impoverished and, finally, unarmed and deprived of all her supporters. The persuasion that, even if wholly guilty of the war, she could be kept poor and yet pay for its cost, remain relatively impotent amidst powerful neighbours, put up for generations with the humiliation of various restrictions unimposed on others, could have been engendered only in minds bemused by fear, "fear that abandoneth the help of common sense" (Wisdom xvii, 11), and is blind to the demands of Christian charity. Not altogether unfairly did Herr Hitler, in his famous Reichstag speech (May 16th) describe the atmosphere of that peace-settlement—

The crisis of the present time has its origin in those passions which at the end of the War blunted the clever-

ness, insight and sense of justice of the nations. For all the present troublous problems are due to omissions in the Peace Treaty which did not settle fairly and sensibly for the future the most important and decisive questions of that time. Neither national, economic, nor juridical demands of States were answered by the Treaty so as to stand for all time in the face of criticism and common sense.

The peace delegates, one of whom, General Smuts, described Versailles as "a place of disillusionment, sometimes almost of despair: a seething cauldron of human passion and greed," might have pleaded their inability, in the circumstances, to produce anything better. In such assemblies wherein God and His rights are completely ignored, the level of morality is that of the least ethically-developed delegates, and that level was immediately reached and maintained. Yet, as we shall never tire in pointing out, they had the way of recovery plainly indicated in Pope Benedict's Peace Note of August, 1917, but that Christian remedy they one and all ignored, and even President Wilson, who, as a neutral, pleaded for a "Peace without Victory" and who, in his reply on August 28th to the Vatican Note echoed the Pope's requirements, was not strong enough to insist on their adoption.

The Task of President Roosevelt

WILL President Roosevelt give the helpless and misdirected world the political guidance which President Wilson, for all his promises, failed, or was not allowed, to give? He issued, in fact, what we called last June, "An Encyclical from America," on the eve of the Economic Conference, which, while putting new life into disarmament policies by announcing, equivalently, the abandonment of United States neutrality, urged upon the Conference a speedy solution of the questions before it—

The World Economic Conference will meet soon and must come to its conclusions quickly. The world awaits deliberations long delayed. The Conference must establish order in place of the present chaos, by a stabilization of currencies, by freeing the flow of world trade and by international action to raise price levels. It must, in short, supplement individual domestic programmes for economic recovery by wise and concerted international action.

Recent events, notably the progress of the German revolution, but also the President's treatment of the Conference itself, have caused this "Encyclical" to be forgotten, even, it would seem, by its author himself, who has, we suppose, been forced to give up to America what he originally meant for mankind. All his energies are needed for his fight with the forces of Mammon on which he has delivered a frontal attack of unprecedented boldness, masked though it be in language of sweet reasonableness. He is appealing, in the name of the common good, to the heart and conscience of bodies, hitherto notorious for the absence of those elements. He is asking profit-mongers to forgo or diminish their profits, and speculators to refrain from gambling. His weapons are legal enactments with punitive sanctions, and the added stimulus of public indignation against recalcitrants. It is a strenuous campaign, for it aims not only at effecting a change in inveterate human customs, but also at practically nullifying certain economic laws, hitherto deemed "iron" or unbending. He is in effect giving Capitalism its last chance. If the hard-headed, but short-sighted, American employer—the President is dealing with 5 million of them—will only realize, as Mr. Woodlock warns him in our present issue, that the revolution is actually upon him, and that he must amend his ways or be ruined, then the National Industrial Recovery plan will succeed. But the cruel exploitation of the defenceless worker has gone on so long in the States, where he has not even the inadequate protection of the Trade Union, nor can fall back on the support of the dole, that the fight is bound to be long and bitter. We hope that, following the lead of the Hierarchy and the teaching of the Pope, the entire Catholic population of America will rally to the support of the President.

A Motive for Disarmament

WHEN he has time to turn his eyes Europe-wards again we hope the President will remember the other part of his May 16th "Encyclical," that dealing with disarmament. In spite of the sabre-rattling going on in Germany, and the glorification of pagan Prussianism by many Nazi-leaders, we believe that Herr Hitler meant what he said in proclaiming, on the same May 16th, that Germany would pursue her just claims within the framework of the peace treaties, and that "she is ready without further ado to dissolve her entire military forces and destroy the weapons left

to her if other nations will do the same." *A fortiori*, she is willing to accept the military establishment accorded to her by the Allies as the norm and model of those of the other great Powers, since it is what they judged suitable to prevent the aggression which all have forsworn. The proposals of President Roosevelt, therefore, which were 1) to adopt at once the first step towards reduction outlined in the British plan, 2) to settle the dates and methods of taking the subsequent steps, 3) to agree that, meanwhile, no increase of armaments should take place, and 4) that all nations should, following a solemn pact of non-aggression, reaffirm their pledges to limit and reduce their armaments—these proposals should, when renewed, find ready acceptance, especially as, in the character of general world creditor, he can offer substantial inducements to the European Powers to reduce their war-expenditure. America has all along looked upon the colossal armaments of Europe as a sign that their pleas for debt-remission were not sincere. A proposal to remit debt in a fixed ratio to reduction of military budgets, would give a new fillip to disarmament, and enable the United States to save, in its own war-budget, a part at least of the money due, which, in any case, can never be repaid in full. And, as regards the Nazi menace, America, which has so large and valued a German population, might fittingly join with the European Powers in reminding the Reich that the continued assaults on Austrian independence which Herr Hitler tolerates, are in accord neither with the Versailles Treaty, nor the recent Four Power Pact. For the sake, therefore, of European peace, the speedy success of the President's domestic policies is much to be desired.

Public Opinion and War

A RECENT prolonged correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, occasioned by a challenge to the war-minded, written by Mr. Beverley Nichols, himself the author of a stirring attack on our modern war-mongers, called "Cry Havoc!", has again exhibited the lamentable confusion in the public mind regarding the ethics of war and peace, which makes the definite abandonment of war such a slow and difficult process. Many had enough experience of modern fighting to realize its inevitable brutality and waste and unreason, but they would not own the possibility of its being sometimes justified. Hence they weakened their cause by appeals

to emotion rather than to reason. Others, with no first-hand knowledge, but stirred by an unthinking patriotism, were equally unethical in demanding for their country, not merely its just rights, but an unwarranted supremacy. The result is typical of all such moral discussions in a community deprived of recourse to a living moral authority. We doubt if the cause of peace has been much advanced by the correspondence, but, at any rate, we welcome Mr. Nichols's book, as one more exposure of what we hold to be one fundamental cause of the persistence of the war-mind, and of the difficulty of disarmament—the enormous and wide-spread and *inadequately controlled* vested interests involved in the continuance of war: what Mr. Nichols picturesquely calls "The Bloody International." Four or five great Powers, whose territories are the exclusive source of what is needed for war-munitions, could severely ration and regulate that traffic to-morrow, if they would or could only trust each other. There need not have been that scandalous Sino-Japanese conflict, nor those silly "wars" amongst the South American republics, nor those frontier-risings around Northern India, nor those tribal outbursts in Morocco, if it were not that the Armament-ring in Europe and the States had to get rid of its goods, keep its workmen employed, extend its operations and find dividends for its shareholders. To take only the Indian frontier, to control which cheaply the military authorities demand the continuance of air-bombing, it gets its whole potentiality for causing trouble—rifles and ammunition—from civilized Europe; which then has to resort to such uncivilized means of repression! When the Pope addresses the Catholic world on Peace—an allocution for which the Catholic world longs—the conscienceless trade in arms will surely meet with Apostolic condemnation.

World Conference on Education

THE inglorious adjournment of the World Economic Conference on July 27th—a gathering which only served to show that no nation, is in practice, willing to admit that all nations are compelled by experience to recognize—the world's economic solidarity, and which must now wait on America's recovery for a renewal of its efforts, was offset in August by innumerable assemblies, of interest to Catholics at home and abroad, only a few of which can be noticed here. The World Federation of Educational Associations opened

officially in Dublin on August 1st, and was not allowed to close before the assembled representatives, of all religions and none, had set before them with the utmost clearness the traditional Catholic principles, ideals and methods employed in educating youth. Mr. De Valera's opening speech of welcome, contained a passage, quoted elsewhere in this issue, asserting the supreme importance of religious and moral training—a truism to the Catholic, but doubtless strange to those who have no outlook beyond this world, and recognize no absolute moral standard. Father Corcoran, S.J., of the National University, emphasized, at the end, the cleavage between the two ideals, which is at the root of the Catholic demand for Catholic schools, and effective religious control of them. "It is a strange sight," he said, "to see educationists spend their lives in searching for a universal moral code for education, as if there existed no Decalogue, no Gospel law, no law of nature stamped by God on the hearts of men, promulgated by right reason and codified in positive revelation by God Himself." Other Catholics, notably, Br. Crehan of the Christian Brothers, were keen not to let any occasion pass during the discussions of refuting false principles and assumptions. It is a token of the complete abandonment of the certitudes of the Christian faith amongst non-Catholics that this our insistence on the need of correcting evil tendencies, and of teaching with authority positive truth, was considered by *The Times* observer (*T.E.S.*, August 12th) as characteristically and exclusively Catholic.

The Fourth Scout Jamboree

FOUR years ago the Boy Scouts Association celebrated its coming of age by a great International "Jamboree," wherein 50,000 youths, representing some forty nations, assembled at Birkenhead for friendly intercourse and competition. The Movement, already widespread, has continued to grow since, until at the beginning of this year, the International Committee recognized a membership of 2,160,000 drawn from forty-five countries. The majority of these are said to be Catholics. On August 1st this year, another international reunion of Scouts took place at Gödöllő in Hungary, attended by some 24,000 boys, representing thirty-four nations. Germany, in pursuance of her unhappy isolationist policy, has followed Italy and—Soviet Russia—in withdrawing her youth from this salutary, peace-promoting Movement,

on which the world's hopes of ultimate international harmony in large measure rest. Long ago, General Smuts said that the peace of the peoples must complement the peace of the politicians: a world-movement like this—with the similar organization of Girl Guides—which gives its due place to religion and stresses human kindred, forms the best attainable foundation for universal goodwill. Catholics at Gödöllő numbered half the whole contingent, about 12,000, and the great open-air High Mass, with the altar surrounded by brilliant banners, was the most impressive feature of the whole fortnight's gathering.

Other Catholic Conferences

THE Congress of "Pax Romana," composed of Catholic University students and graduates, has necessarily a rather narrow appeal, but nearly sixty members of fourteen British universities attended the thirteenth meeting at Luxemburg, which occupied the second week of August, to discuss the general theme of "The Catholic Student and Social Action." Earlier in the month the meetings of the usual Summer Schools, at Cambridge and Oxford respectively, of the Catholic Conference of Higher Studies, and the Catholic Social Guild, synchronized; unfortunately, for those who would have liked to have attended both, but with no noticeable diminution of their popularity and usefulness. The Cambridge School, which aims at producing something of permanent educational value—witness the published series of helpful theological treatises resulting from previous courses—took this year the subject of Mariology and discussed it very thoroughly, even including a lecture (by Dr. Grimley) on "Protestantism and Our Lady." At Oxford, amid the rather cheerless surroundings of Ruskin Hall, the members of the Catholic Social Guild, in surprisingly large numbers, combined, with their usual skill, the useful with the pleasant, and heard lectures from experts on such varied topics as the Land, Housing, Trade Unionism (by Mr. Serrarens, a member of the Dutch Senate), Economic Principles, and the pregnant social teaching of "Quadragesimo Anno." Our Catholic Press has made much of this learning accessible: we wish to reproduce here only some very searching remarks by the Archbishop of Birmingham at the annual meeting. After condemning as "horrible" the continued existence of poverty in the midst of increasing plenty, his Grace said—"When pro-

ducers prefer to destroy their produce rather than distribute it at a reduced price, there must be something wrong with their consciences. They had completely lost their sense of duty to God and their neighbour." What is wrong with such consciences is their blank ignorance that ethics should control economics. Who is to inform them? "It is a matter of regret," said the Archbishop in conclusion, "that the educated Catholic laity do not take a greater interest in the C.S.G. and Catholic Social Study. In this matter they lag far behind their brethren in France, Belgium, Germany and Italy. Catholics in good positions should take these matters up now, on the lines urged so strongly by our present Holy Father." If example is wanted of the Archbishop's contention, one might point to the annual *Semaines Sociales* of France, the twenty-fifth of which had concluded, at Rheims, the week before, for they unite, in profound study of social evils and their remedies, the *élite* of French and foreign Catholicism.

Slum-Clearances

EVER since the war, and indeed during its continuance, the imperative need of providing the property-less classes of this country with the first requisite for decent living, proper houses, has been recognized by successive Governments. In 1916 Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, assured a deputation that this was "the most urgent of all social reforms," "the most important and most pressing of all post-war tasks." Little could be done during the war to make up the housing shortage, caused both by the growth of population and the increase of uninhabitable slums. But, after the war, "homes for heroes" was one of the slogans which heralded the formation of the first Coalition Government. The statute-book is studded with Acts—the Acts of 1890, 1909, 1919, 1923, 1924—intended to facilitate the erection of fitting houses in sufficient numbers to compete with the demand, and to catch up arrears. But local authorities were apathetic, building-rings put up prices, Trade Unions opposed dilution, and the combined evils—shortage of houses and spreading of slums—have gone on increasing, until the public conscience, stimulated by the leaders of the various Christian bodies and other eminent men, has moved the Government to make a fresh attack on this crying and inveterate scandal. Without waiting for the recommendations of a strong Housing Commission under Lord Moyne (which

reported on August 9th) the Ministry of Health sent out an appeal in April last to the 1,700 Housing Authorities in the country, asking them to submit plans for the total abolition within the next five years of the slums in their several areas. So far only fifty have done so, whilst 200 have declared themselves happily free from slums. The proposals of those that have replied would almost seem to indicate that the more populous the area the fewer houses is it able to demolish, perhaps because of the difficulty of finding accommodation elsewhere; and in no case does the term of five years seem sufficient for the work. Public opinion must continue to urge the authorities: labour is plentiful, money cheap, and it should be possible for the Government to forestall and defeat the probable attempts of the building-trusts unduly to advance prices. It will be one bright spot in the industrial gloom around us, if this long-delayed policy of reconstruction can really be achieved and the heroes reach their promised homes before their final resting place claims them. It is a matter in which Catholics, with their high and right convictions of the practical necessity, for moral upbringing, of real home life, should take special interest. The Cardinal, in his Trinity Pastoral, urged it upon us, and we are glad to learn that there is to be a meeting in London this month to devise some practical ways of helping.

The Catholic Press and the Missions

WEEK by week, and month by month, our Catholic newspapers and periodicals produce in the aggregate a vast amount of useful apologetic and expository material, clearing away false views of the Church and explaining her doctrines, sometimes of set purpose in sermons or tractates, sometimes incidentally, since everything is written from the standpoint of the Faith and all criticism supposes the fixed Catholic standards of belief and practice. Much of this helpful matter, having done its immediate work, is lost or remains sterile, whereas its capacity for continuing its apostolate on the Foreign Missions is almost unlimited. Recent information from India, for instance, indicates that incalculable good is being done in that vast continent by the distribution of Catholic literature—good that could easily be multiplied a hundred-fold at the cost of a few stamps. At St. Mary's College, Kurseong (D.H.Ry., India), for instance,

a large Jesuit theologate near Darjeeling, a "Catholic Press Service" for the free distribution of Catholic literature all over India—to non-Catholic Universities, Colleges, public libraries and newspaper editors—has been carried on for a year or so with excellent results. Although the Catholic Church in India has by far the largest number of adherents, most educated Indians get their ideas about Catholicism from the writings of Protestants. The need of a vigorous counter-propaganda is, therefore, obvious, and the material for this can be provided by the Catholic Press in these islands, at first- or second-hand. So far, over 1,500 pieces of Catholic Literature are thus distributed each month, and thus placed at the disposition of eager Indian students, or quoted by Indian editors. For obvious reasons, millions, even of the educated natives, have hitherto identified Christianity with Protestantism, and thus have not felt the full appeal of the Faith. One remedy for this misfortune clearly is to furnish the Catholic Press Service with greater abundance of material and with occasional contributions to defray postal charges.

Hazy Anglican Theology

THE mention of India brings to mind that curious Protestant device called the South Indian United Church Scheme, whereby the Protestant sects in India—Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian—have lately been trying to put on the semblance of unity without really achieving its substance. The Lambeth Conference, in 1930, wisely refused to pronounce upon it, because that Assembly dared not say definitely that Episcopacy, derived sacramentally from the Apostles, is an essential note of the Church of Christ. Nor have prolonged discussions in Anglican papers decided a question which, on Catholic principles, could be solved in a sentence. It is true that the *Church Times*, on this point, if not in all, cognizant of Catholic theology, understands the matter clearly, but those most concerned, the Anglican bishops on the spot, do not believe, any more than most of their brethren here, in the Catholic theology of Orders. The Metropolitan, for the sake of "unity" has declared himself ready to allow Anglican congregations to receive Communion, should they wish, from a Nonconformist minister, *i.e.*, from a layman. He goes so far as to say that such occurrences would be "irregular": it doesn't occur to him to con-

demn them as null and, in a sense, sacrilegious, because he has no real belief in the Sacrament of Orders. Nor have the bulk of the Anglican faithful, nor the majority of their bishops. If they had, such an amalgamation as the South Indian Scheme contemplates would have been scouted from the first.

Ambiguous Formularies

IN answer to a doubt as to how a clause in the Twenty-eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles—"The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up or worshipped"—could be reconciled with the recent Anglican "High Mass" at the Wembley Stadium, the *Church Times* (August 4th) replied editorially—"All the Article does is to state, as an historic fact, that these observances are matters on which Our Lord has given no recorded directions." Considering that the Article was clearly directed against the age-long practice of the Catholic Church in England, which the Anglican Establishment superseded, rejecting the while the beliefs of which these practices were an expression, and considering that another Article (the Fourth) excludes from the Anglican Faith anything which cannot be proved out of Scripture, this explanation, although elaborated further in the issue of August 18th, is clearly untenable: with all its context the passage can only intend to prohibit. But the Editor is quite right in claiming that the words are designedly non-committal. "There are passages [in the Articles] of remarkable reserve and discretion, and of *ambiguity*, where *in the interests of inclusiveness* sentences are framed liable to more interpretations than one" (italics ours). This, after all, is only Newman's caustic description—"the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies"—more politely phrased. To the High Churchman, the Article merely mentions an historic fact: to the Low Churchman, it pronounces a prohibition. And yet the doctrine in question is most sacred and momentous! Thus, the phrase, "the interests of inclusiveness," is merely a camouflage for ultimate ignorance and consequent inability to teach. "What does the Church of England stand for?" asked a speaker at a recent "Anglo-Catholic" gathering. And the answer, equally true and witty, was given, *sotto voce*, by another Anglican—"Because there is only one Chair, and the Pope is in that!"

A LITTLE-KNOWN STIGMATICA

MOTHER DOMINICA CLARA MOES
OF LUXEMBURG

II

WHEN Fraulein Moes first received the stigmata in the Spring of 1860, she was not yet a nun or living in a convent. It was only a year later, on March 22, 1861, that she and her first companion, Anna Engels, took up their quarters in the dilapidated building on the Limpertsberg site—this is a suburb of Luxemburg—where the imposing Dominican cloister now stands. I am not here concerned to relate the history of this remarkable foundation which was begun in conditions of the direst poverty and which, according to the standards of human prudence, seemed foredoomed to failure. There can be no thought of disputing the fact that the undertaking of Mother Dominica Clara, as she was later to be called, steadily made progress in the face of many contradictions, and that, so far as the test of Gamaliel is applicable in such a case, it has fully vindicated its claim to be regarded as the work of God. The example which the Mother Foundress personally set of austerity, charity, fervour in prayer and intense sympathy with every cause which was dear to the Heart of Our Lord, could hardly be surpassed. It would be an outrage to suppose that any hypocrisy, or thought of self-glorification had played a part in such a life, which was of set purpose hidden from the eyes of men and in itself offered nothing flattering to human nature.

But there are, all the same, strange incidents recorded in her biography; some of which, resting only upon her own statement and written down after a considerable interval of time, seem, as we have seen, to be in fact myths belonging to a sort of dream life; while others, for which confirmatory evidence can be adduced, present a serious problem to students of the psychological conditions with which the phenomena of stigmatization are associated.

One such alleged episode which belongs to the former class may be noticed here on account of the close parallel it offers to an allegation made by the similarly stigmatized

ecstatic, Teresa Higginson. Even in her childhood little Anna Moes under the direction of her guardian angel practised—so at least she asserted—severe and continual fasts. She ate hardly anything. It might seem strange, remarks her biographer, that this could have been allowed to go on in the presence of her father and mother and her several brothers and sisters. But it appears that at meals she used, on account of her eye trouble, to sit in a very dark corner, and there she was able, unobserved, to give the best part of the contents of her plate to the cat or the dog who took up their quarters beside her. But this little subterfuge was not always possible, and, as she reported years afterwards to her director—

If I were unable to keep my fast without being noticed, my holy angel guardian in response to my inward prayer used to assume my form and sit down at table in the proper place beside my sisters, behaving as if he were sharing the meal with them. Meanwhile, I said my prayers in the hiding place to which he had previously conducted me.¹

On other occasions the same heavenly confederate, at her request, took the food that was given her and conveyed it to some poor person whom she was anxious to help.

Now Teresa Higginson, in the year 1884, went home to spend some little time with her aged mother, who was nearing her end, at Neston, in Cheshire. Teresa, it is stated, at that time took no food at all, and naturally such abstinence could not go on in the family circle without exciting much comment and remonstrance. In the diary of her director, Canon Snow, occurs the following passage:

I told her not to appear to eat at home and to tell her sisters that her confessor had commanded her not to appear to eat without really eating, and [to inform them] that she had taken no food but the Blessed Sacrament for a long time. She told me she had said to her sisters what I had instructed her to say, but they paid no attention to her and appeared not in the least to understand what she was talking about. When they dined, she remained upstairs, but afterwards her sisters spoke to her as though she had been all the time at table with

¹ Barthel, pp. 165-6.

them, and from this she felt sure that her guardian angel had taken her place.¹

This is certainly curious. Her confessor wished her to be quite straightforward with her sisters, but her guardian angel, it appears, thought it better that they should be deceived, he himself carrying out the deception. It does not seem to have occurred to Teresa that in obedience to her confessor she might have explained more clearly to her sisters that they were mistaken and that she had not really been with them at table.

On the other hand, Teresa Higginson was persuaded, and has convinced her biographer also, that her outward form was assumed not only by her guardian angel but also on several occasions by the devil. In a letter to her confessor, Canon Snow, she wrote : "It seems to me that the devil has certainly been allowed to personate me in several cases, for there are things being said that I never knew or thought of, much less said."²

The possibility must not be left out of consideration that both Teresa and little Anna Moes may have been subject to that not so very uncommon form of nervous trouble, a dissociated personality. Something of this kind beyond all question is observable in Teresa Neumann when she passes into her "state of absorption" (*Zustand des Eingenommen-seins*) and into that of "exalted repose" (*Zustand der erhaben Ruhe*). In these conditions she loses touch with the incidents of her normal life, and in the former of these states she displays, so far as one can judge by her response to questions, the mentality of a child of five or six. In Louise Lateau again it was remarked that at the time of her miraculous cure in April, 1868, though so ill that she was believed to be dying, she went on talking at frequent intervals for nearly a week together, speaking sublimely of God, not in her native patois, but in perfectly pure French which at that date had never previously been heard from her lips and which to the end of her life she never fully acquired.³ Of the secondary personality which was manifest on at least two recorded occasions in the career of la Madre Costante

¹ Lady Cecil Kerr, "Teresa Helena Higginson," p. 181.

² *Ibid.* p. 195, and cf. pp. 190—191. It had been reported of Teresa that she had been seen eating or secreting food, though at Bootle she let people understand that she maintained a complete abstinence.

³ See Canon A Thiéry, "Nouvelle Biographie de Louise Lateau" (1916), Vol. II, p. 21.

Maria Castreca who was also stigmatized, I have written previously in these pages. Georges Marasco was no doubt a very different character from the mystics just named, but she had genuine stigmata, and when, after she had been prosecuted in the courts, she was placed under the observation of medical experts, they reported that her strange behaviour also was due to a dissociated personality. Mollie Fancher was not, of course, stigmatized, nor was she a Catholic, but she had frequent trances of prolonged duration, and, in this instance, at least four different personalities manifested themselves, each of which knew nothing of what occurred when another personality was in possession. In the circumstances, therefore, I am inclined to suggest that though Anna Moes and Teresa Higginson affirmed in all good faith that their place at the domestic board was taken by their respective guardian angels, they were really present themselves on these occasions, but in another personality of whose doings in their normal state they retained no memory. In my view this supposition is less repugnant than the idea that an angel sat down to table with a knife and fork, consuming solid food, and all in order that two rather unbalanced devotees might carry out a self-imposed abstinence to which they were bound by no sort of religious duty. I have no difficulty in believing that God might work an astounding miracle for some proportionately good purpose, but if the object were merely to save a few worthy people from a certain amount of bewilderment, there would have been simpler ways of meeting the situation. Why should not the Almighty have enabled these chosen spouses of His to eat, if scandal or gossip was likely to result from their not eating? They had made no vow to abstain from food. Indeed for ordinary Christians to take such a vow would normally amount to nothing short of a grievous sin of presumption.

For these supposed impersonations by angel or devil no evidence is adduced but the visionaries' own assertion. We have no witness who deposes that either Clara or Teresa was seen at prayer in one place while an angelic counterfeit was eating and drinking in another. But there are curious and rather better attested happenings connected with the time when after the death of her brother at Siebenbrunnen Mother Clara was led to aspire to a more consecrated life and gathered round her one or two friends to form the nucleus of a Religious Community.

The disturbances to which I refer began with the mysterious disappearance of the small objects of piety which served Mother Clara for some of her devotions. They used in an equally strange way to turn up again after a time, but no means she could employ, not even the keeping them under her clothes, availed to protect her from the annoyance of finding them missing just when she wanted them. Some weeks later a new trouble followed in the form of visible phantoms which at first tried to entice her to sensual indulgence, but afterwards took on another character. These were horrible shapes and forms of demons, appearing in the night time amid a tremendous racket. The apparitions, however, failed to break her spirit, and, as she gradually grew accustomed to them, left her undisturbed. Finally, she was subjected to acts of physical violence from which in the morning she found herself wounded and bleeding.

During this infestation very little good seems to have resulted from the use of holy water, blessed medals, relics and other sacramentals. They sometimes brought temporary relief, but the trouble began again almost immediately afterwards. She was privately exorcised by Father Romi, but all to no purpose. Indeed the interior trials which marked this period of her life seemed only to be aggravated by the efforts that were made to help her. When she set out to go to confession in the church she was held back by force—so at least she declared—or she felt that she was wading through an ocean, for she would see nothing around her but sky and water. In the confessional, when she reached it, she could not utter a word, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She understood Father Romi to say just the opposite of what he did say, or heard from his lips only curses and blasphemies. What troubled her even more, the devil while tempting her to despair was continually putting the means of self-destruction in her way. There was poison, she said, laid within her reach, as well as a rope and a sharp knife. Once she did swallow the poison, but by God's mercy vomited it up again immediately.

All this, which is founded upon her own report, was written by Father Romi to another priest, who sometimes heard her confession, in order to give him an account of how the case stood.¹ But Fraulein Engels, the faithful companion who shared Clara's room at this date—she was afterwards

¹ Barthel, pp. 225—227.

known in the convent as Sister Josepha—had independent testimony to give. She described how big stones were thrown in the direction of Clara's bed with such force that fragments of mortar were shaken out of the walls. She herself was not a little alarmed when one of these stones rebounded on to her foot. Clara, it seems, told her it was nothing, and when she cried out after more stones were thrown, her companion only said: "O you silly, go to sleep." But the nuisance went on, and after a time, so Fraulein Engels reports, "came to an end with a noise as if a scuttle or a wheel-barrow full of stones had been emptied on to the floor; and the next morning we found a heap of stones close beside her bed." Incidents of this kind were many times repeated. Crockery was broken and dirty water was thrown over Clara in such a way that her mattress was drenched. She could do nothing but spend the rest of the night in a chair. "I often," wrote her companion, "saw Clara's arms covered with the marks of burns and her face swollen and cut. She would never give any explanation and left me to infer that this had all come about in a natural way."¹

Writing in the year 1876 the same Sister Josepha gave the following account of an incident which had happened in the dilapidated building at the Limpertsberg which first served them for a convent.

One evening [she said] I heard a tremendous disturbance going on in our dormitory. I rushed up to our dear Mother who lay there ill and in bed. I had great difficulty in pushing open the door, and I found the whole room turned upside down. All the bedding of our five beds lay tumbled in confusion upon the ground. In the middle of the heap and broken to pieces was a crucifix which used to hang at our Mother's bedside, while under everything else I discovered a crown of thorns and a rosary.²

We are told also how at other times the straw from her palliasse was scattered all over the place, some of it being thrown on top of the statue of Our Lady, and how on several occasions an alarming rumpus was heard during the middle of the night in the course of which a chair was repeatedly hurled in the direction of their Mother's bed.

One similar incident seems to have left an exceptionally

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 228—229.

² *Ibid.*, p. 229.

deep impression, though the date is unfortunately not indicated. The account is again furnished by Sister Josepha, that first devoted companion who died in the odour of sanctity in 1881. It appears that one day when Mother Clara was ill and believed to be lying quite helpless in bed, a shriek was heard which seemed to proceed from their common dormitory. The sisters rushed in, but to their consternation could find no trace of the invalid. They were terribly upset, fearing that something dreadful had befallen her, and they hunted for her in every corner of the house, but all in vain. Then Sister Josepha noticed that in the dormitory the Mother's bed seemed to stand a little higher than usual. It was covered and apparently had not been slept upon. She pulled the coverings off, lifted the straw palliasse and there under the palliasse she found Mother Clara lying motionless and almost stifled. Her hands were folded over her breast, she was pale as a corpse and many minutes passed before she was able to breathe again naturally.¹ If these details are correctly reported it would seem that the situation was one which the Mother, however much hallucinated, could hardly have contrived herself with the object of putting an end to her own life. On the other hand, it is not disputed that she was often violently tempted to commit suicide. Pastor Barthel describes how, when he was her confessor, she was subject to periods of soul darkness which he calls *sataniſchen Verfinſterungen*. When under this influence, her usually tranquil features were distorted, her neck was even twisted as if an unseen power were throttling her, and "she failed to hear, or else quite misunderstood, what I said." "If she came to make her confession, some time might pass before the evil influence could be broken by the blessings of the Church and by the words of encouragement I spoke, but she then became her natural self once more and appeared an entirely different creature." "On one occasion she had to surrender to me a huge butcher's knife which Satan had forced into her hand on her way to church in order that, instead of going to confession, she might use it to kill herself."² This is all strangely puzzling, and, to my thinking, points strongly in the direction of some dissociation of personality.

But of all the curious happenings recorded in the life of Mother Clara perhaps the most extraordinary was her running

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

² *Ibid.*, p. 233.

away from home in December, 1877. Her little Community had then been in existence on the Limpertsberg for more than sixteen years, but it had not yet been formally recognized as a foundation of the Dominican Second Order. They still had no ecclesiastical enclosure, and no permission had been given them to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. These favours were only to come to them after the death of Sisters Josepha and Johanna, and after they had temporarily migrated to Clairefontaine in Belgium, in November, 1882. In 1876—1877 Mother Clara seems to have been more than usually tried by spells of desolation and diabolical temptations, with which outward manifestations, of the poltergeist type described above, were frequently associated. Sister Johanna, one of her first companions and her deputy in the government of the house, seems explicitly to have called the confessor's attention to the efforts which the spirits of evil seemed to be making to induce their Mother to leave them. At the beginning of December, 1877, Mother Clara in sending in her usual report to her Director (*Seelenführer*)¹ added a note in the margin asking to be allowed to leave Luxemburg because she felt that her sinful presence was drawing down the judgments of God upon those she lived with. The director apparently failed to notice this request; at any rate he did not answer it. Unfortunately he had previously made an arrangement with his penitent, that if she asked him anything and he made no reply, she might assume his approval of what she had proposed to him. After a day or two of great agitation and spiritual darkness, Mother Clara decided that she ought to carry out her project. Early in the morning of December 5th she stole from her convent to the railway-station and took a ticket for Trier. There, still mindful of her director's precept that she was to receive Communion every day, she managed to find a church where a late Mass was being said, and this Communion seems to have brought her some reinforcement of physical strength, though she depicts her mental state as akin to that of a lost soul. But from this point the reader is left in utter bewilderment. The story which she afterwards told was that Satan took forcible possession of her, carried her over land and

¹ One unsatisfactory feature in Pastor Barthel's book is that it dispenses with anything like orderly chronological arrangement. The director at this date seems to have been Barthel himself, but he does not say so, and one cannot feel sure.

sea¹ to Paris and to Berlin and there forced her to be present in places where devil-worship was being carried on with indescribable sacrileges and blasphemies. She was also taken to some distant country where horrible rites were being practised in a heathen temple, so that from midday of December 5th to the evening of December 6th she was in the power of the fiend who spared her nothing which could torment a sensitive soul entirely consumed with the love of God. None the less even on the morning of December 6th she was able to receive Communion again—we are not told where—but immediately she left the church door the devil once more carried her off and bore her into the heart of an impenetrable forest. There she was tortured by the demons and nearly died from horror and fright, but in the end they left her, and as night closed in Our Blessed Lady and a number of angels came to her aid administering some wonderful restorative in a costly vessel, from which she drank and was rescued from the jaws of death. Then in company with Our Blessed Lady and the angels she set out again, travelling through the air "over towns and villages, land and water," until at last she found herself in a church before a shrine of the Blessed Virgin. There she prayed for a while, obtained a lodging for the night, and next morning discovered she was at Eberhardsklausen, a favourite place of pilgrimage in the diocese of Trier.²

As to the fact of her flight from home—it is an almost typical example of the "fugues" characteristic of certain forms of hysteria³—no doubt is possible. She wrote a letter to her director from the hamlet just mentioned which is reproduced by her biographer. It is dated December 7, 1877, and in it she states "I do not myself know where I have been." She describes herself as completely exhausted, but with regard to the supposed motive of the flight, *i.e.*, the ridding the Community of her baleful presence, she seems to have forgotten it altogether. She simply takes it for granted that she must get back as soon as possible. The letter ends with the words "Praised be Jesus Christ, who has so happily rescued me from the claws of Lucifer."⁴ Strange to say, even

¹ "Trug sie durch die Lüfte über Land und Meer," writes her biographer (p. 235); but why over the sea?

² *Ibid.*, pp. 236–237.

³ See Pierre Janet, "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria" (English Translation), pp. 51–53, etc.; and William James, "Principles of Psychology," Vol. I, p. 391.

⁴ Barthel, p. 238

after her return, and after she had reluctantly given an account to her director, under obedience, of all that had befallen her, she by no means found peace of soul. The storm of temptations continued unabated throughout the whole of Advent, but on Christmas Day, as she believed, a marvellous cohort of angels revealed themselves to her with strains of heavenly music, proclaiming the glory of the new born Saviour.

One of these angels, more splendid than all the rest, told her that he came by Divine command to enjoin her to pray for "God's true servant Cardinal Joachim Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia," upon whom a heavy burden of responsibility was about to be laid.¹ She was given to understand that the heavenly spirit who thus addressed her was none other than the Cardinal's guardian angel. If we could be sure that Mother Clara's narrative of all this had been written down just after it occurred, viz., in the Christmas week of 1877, this example of prevision would be highly interesting, for Pius IX died February 7, 1878, and his successor was elected thirteen days later, but the biographer unfortunately supplies no information regarding the date of the manuscript from which he is quoting. He declares, however, that on January 20, 1878, Our Lord Himself allowed Mother Clara to see Cardinal Pecci in a vision and made known to her that he was destined to be the successor of Pius IX. Clara also reports that she was in direct communication with the guardian angel of the last-named Pontiff, and that just before six o'clock in the evening of February 7th she saw his soul escorted by angels presented before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ, thence to pass at once to heavenly bliss. On February 20th the guardian angels both of Pius IX and of his successor came to her, so we are assured, to announce that the new Pope had been elected, and that he had taken the name of Leo XIII.² She was at the same time bidden to redouble her prayers for the Holy Father and for the defence of God's Church against the dangers which threatened on every side. Unfortunately, here again, we have no evidence but her own statement, and we do not know the date at which that statement was made.

Mother Clara died on February 24, 1895, aged 62, after an illness which was full of edification for all who witnessed her patience, her prayerfulness and her constant thought for

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 245.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 246-247.

others. No cadaveric rigor was perceptible during the sixty hours which elapsed before the burial. Her arms and hands were perfectly flexible when the sisters raised them to their lips. Many clients who invoked her help after her death professed deep gratitude for temporal and spiritual favours, received, as they believed, through her intercession. Finally, the Community which she founded has grown and prospered, and there seems to be talk of the introduction of her process of beatification.

Nevertheless, while I do not for a moment question the holiness of Mother Dominica Clara, there is surely an element of unreality in the communications she made regarding her own feelings and experiences. The very language betrays a certain extravagance of sensibility. The knowledge of the Blessed Trinity impressed the day after her birth, the uninterrupted intercourse with her guardian angel during infancy and childhood—though, strange to say, when she acquires a human director, the angelic guidance seems to slip into the background—the penitential abstinence from her mother's milk beginning at the age of one month, the voyages through the air both in childhood when wrapped in her angel's wings, and as a woman of 45 when caught up by the demon after her flight to Trier—all these stories strain credulity to breaking point. One dislikes to use the word hysteria, because "hysterical" has become, beyond hope of recovery, a term of disparagement. But the more I have opportunities of studying the subject, the more convinced I become that we must recognize a class of pious—even, it may be, heroically courageous and holy—people, in whom the creations of their own thought, whether auto-suggested or hetero-suggested, dominate the entire field of consciousness, just as the figments of a dream take possession of the whole man in sleep. Such people seem easily to pass into a state of ecstasy which bears an extremely close resemblance to the trance induced by hypnosis, and, as occasionally happens in the hypnotic trance, they acquire strange powers, notably of clairvoyance and sometimes of telekinesis. I cannot here do more than invite my readers to study the phenomena of such mystics as Anne Catherine Emmerich, Marie Julie Jahenny, Palma d'Oria, Christina of Stommeln, Eustochium of Padua, Anna Maria Castreca, Teresa Higginson, Louise Lateau, and one might mention many more.

These matters have been so little investigated as yet, that

we can only guess at conclusions. But it looks as if people of this temperament are apt to have visions strongly coloured either by the traditions in which they have been brought up, or by the thought (often unexpressed) of those with whom they are more immediately *en rapport*. I am even inclined to conjecture that when these sensitives are deeply moved, some strange physical condition results, attended with an emanation of something in the nature of what psychic researchers call ectoplasm. The recent infra-red experiments of Dr. Osty with Rudi Schneider seem to demonstrate the existence of some such invisible and unphotographable substance.¹ Moreover, it would seem that certain spiritual agencies, very possibly of a diabolical, or at any rate evil and malicious, nature, can use the substance thus liberated to produce poltergeist phenomena. This, of course, is no more than speculation, but it certainly is a significant fact that with the mystics of this type we constantly find a record of violent disturbances and physical assaults which are commonly attributed to some diabolic agency. On the other hand, there are many great saints who were apparently not psychically sensitive in the same way, in whose lives no outrages of this kind find a place.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ A detailed account of these experiments is furnished in the brochure of Dr. Eugène Osty and Marcel Osty, "Les Pouvoirs Inconnus de l'Esprit sur la Matière." (Paris: Félix Alcan, 1932). Cf. also the paper of Lord Charles Hope in the "Proceedings of the S.P.R.," Vol. XLI (June, 1933), pp. 255-330.

THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF CHRIST

OUR ideas about great historical figures, or about masterpieces or superb prospects half-remembered, are apt to slide with the lapse of time into vagueness. The uniqueness of impression is liable to be blurred into generalization in the mind. Then one day we return freshly to a new survey, and lo! what we have fancied for years that we understood is something vaster and different, more wonderful—and disconcerting. From imagining that we “knew” this character or phenomenon, we come to reproach ourselves for never having known either at all.

If this is so of a noble scene or work of the human mind, it is startlingly true of the profoundest and least predictable of personalities, that of Our Lord. With the best will in the world to avoid platitude born of reverence, safety or timidity, most of us here carry some convention about with us: and conventionality tends to dim the eye and hide whole surprising tracts of the subject from us.

How many have, at one time or another, asked themselves—out of a fund of love which excuses the curiosity—how did Our Lord appear to those about Him? Obviously, as careful reading of the Gospel indicates, a considerable influence was exercised by glance, gesture, silences and reticences. Granted that the question is not supreme, still it may have a contributory significance for us, and in any case there can have been few alert and devoted minds which have not asked it. The pious artists of the past have been given remarkable freedom to present their own imaginations of our Saviour; and these differ so among themselves that they cannot all be true to the fact. There can be no reason why reverence and a close scanning of the sacred text should not give us an outline more helpful and exact. The materials are there in the inspired record for an unforgettable picture of striking physical traits and human preferences: and the manner of doing a thing is often as full of vivid meaning as the deed. Let us refresh our sight by reference to the sources and the eye-witnesses.

It is in every way improbable *prima facie* that Christ was, as many recent century artists have painted Him—blonde, very slender, mild, feminine, with tapering fingers and an

effect of, may we say, languor. Numbers of thoughtful believers must have found it odd in the highest degree that this moonlit figure should have passed with many for the sunlight of the historic fact. Certainly the clear statements of the Testament run sharply counter to all sentimentalizing versions. Jesus was from birth to death a vigorous open-air man. Life was one succession of heavy drafts on His vitality, which must have been immense. Born in a cave, escaped with across the desert to Egypt while an infant, taken about Palestine in boyhood and up to Jerusalem among caravans, left to Himself somewhat (as His converse with the rabbis shows), a worker in the strenuous manual occupation of carpenter for eighteen years, obviously a man of the people and of open-air Nature as every graphic parable proves—God built well and truly on this tough foundation of sinew and toil and endurance and keen sense-perception. The nearest modern parallel that can at all help us here would be these sturdy peasant craftsmen—so profoundly refreshing to meet and to converse with—who are to be found in unspoiled places; men who know their own skilled honest work, understand natural phenomena, and quietly have mastered and creatively meditated on a little literature, and that the best. Their hands are workers' hands, strong and sensitive; the fingers square at the tip; they have a reassuring touch (sick men or animals know that); they can tie safe knots (for instance, a knotted scourge if necessary); can make a good yoke (a yoke that is easy, and makes the burden light!); theirs is a poised, primal open-air manhood. All this we find in Our Lord, and much else. He slept a good deal in the open, both by preference sometimes and because He had to; and could sleep deeply through a storm till some pleading *human* voice roused Him. He could fast long without ill effects: a sure test of stamina of body and mind. Always He was astonishingly *ready* for any call on energy or faculty: a proof of great bodily fitness no less than of moral power and goodness. He was calm and could "rejoice in spirit" amid hostility and danger—not by means of stoic indifference or escape of any sort, but by having an internal spring of soundness, assurance and insight. An unfailing judge of character, He "knew what was in man."

Look also at the feats of walking which were quite ordinary with Him, witnessing to His physical robustness. He started from Tyre and took the great caravan road from Sidon to

Damascus (across Lebanon and Anti-lebanon) and returning to Galilee from the east by Cæsara Philippi—in a glare of heat, instructing His followers most of the time, and occasionally bidding them to rest. Or consider His foot-journeys lasting six hours on end from Jericho to Jerusalem on a road climbing once to 3,000 feet, without shade, over rocky solitary country. He began one such by healing a blind man, and the same evening, unwearied, He was present at a meal in His honour at Bethany. These are wonderful even for one in the prime of bodily life at thirty. Often after a crowded day's work, virtue going forth from Him, He climbed a hill in the evening and sometimes remained there for the night. No wonder He warned a young scribe to count the hardships of following Him, and that He spoke slightly of "living delicately in king's houses," and that He contrasted Himself with the birds and foxes which had nests and holes, and that He deprecated the usual "two coats" which travellers allowed themselves and enjoined only one. He was Spartan, but for far deeper motives than the Spartans. He praised John the Baptist in the wilderness, austere, bleakly honest, alone: but a greater than John was here—who suffered more without seeking hardship: hardship came to Him. His body was hardened without blunting His amazing susceptibilities to others' needs. That is why in the climax of the torments in Pilate's hall He had a comprehending, magisterial glance for Peter; and at the Last Supper, calmly bade the traitor do the deed quickly; and could bravely stand the three consecutive "trials" which were a repeated miscarriage of justice, till the Roman authority itself was staggered at such morale and virility, and Pilate, shaken and moved, cried: "Behold, a man!" Jesus did not die under the scourging, as many did. Nor on the precipitous path along which He carried the heavy timber to which He was to be nailed. He died hard, very hard. His fund of vitality resisted assaults—moral and physical—to which perhaps any other human being must have surrendered sooner. Here we see the shrinking from death which fresh, vital nature experiences when it is utterly free of ennui, life-weariness, pessimism, sloth, or degeneracy.

All this, with much more, goes to show that the popular and pictorial idea of our Redeemer is partial and, however well-intentioned, not quite worthy. I once had a long interesting talk on this subject with the sculptor Epstein in his home, with his sculpture of Christ before us. He was impatient

with the quasi-traditional, but really subjective and arbitrary, presentments of the world's greatest Man, and I think carried the point that most of these were largely unhistoric and unscriptural. But I could not allow that his own version rectified the error in the true way; although in its starkness it did at least oblige people to question their easy assumptions. Remember, here, that this firm healthy hold upon life which Our Lord possessed is itself the measure of the laceration which His persecutors brought to bear upon Him to cut Him away from life. His vitality was the measure of His Passion. Socrates had no passion, humanly speaking. He made his escape with some philosophizing and a few friendly jests; beautiful in their way, but in a minor key—quite apart from Our Lord's superincumbent consciousness of the tremendous issues of life and death involved in His representative sacrifice. Again, Buddha (whose youth was over when he took to religion as a teacher) underwent no such tension "between the fell and incensed points of mighty opposites." He avoided all possibility of that in advance by fabricating a creed of anti-life, anti-feeling—

"housed in a dream, at distance from the kind."

And Mohammed was for periods of his life an invalid, and an ecstatic. A sick man, he became a prophet as the result of an illness, and all his life he was dogged by epilepsy and hysteria. Even the Christian saints have not their Master's wonderful normality and life: they can but evince aspects of Him. He drew renovating draughts of strength from "fountains of the Infinite," his existence was uninterruptedly and, as it were, naturally planted deep in God; quite simply He and the Father were one. And the effect of all this, even upon the body and its habitudes and resilience, could not fail to be remarkable, in the perfect balance and restraint displayed when around Him there were waves of fanaticism or exuberance.

These, I submit then, are facts which add accent and colour—give life and character and drama—to our mental portrait of Him, and consequently make vivid and intelligent our devotion.

By contrast with these records, look at the attempts of different times and races to weave a myth to glorify some one man above his fellows. They follow the lines which we can forecast. They idealize in the manner of novelist or poet or folklore. That is, they abstract whatever might re-

buff easy acceptance, all that might perplex or be a stumbling block. Yet in no case is the result successful. They have the mark of human invention or of some intermediary's omission. Whereas anything added to the Gospel figure does not contribute to the whole, but is a foreign substance which cannot be blended in the crucible. As Lavater wrote on a scrap of paper as he lay dying, "Terrible and without number are the doubts of the believing Christian, but the unfathomableness of Christ conquers them all." Human devotion, joined with fine imagination, can do much to exalt the memory of a powerful character among men—but it would never go about the work in the way of the Gospels. Hence those of us who have paid the Gospels the compliment of repeated readings, however inadequately, have never been convinced or even shaken by the strenuous efforts of critics to represent them as beautiful tributes by disciples done in a mood of art, elegy and hero-worship. For they were not themselves morally developed up to the level of the Subject of whom they write. It is plain that parts of the story are to themselves inexplicable and await a clearing-up: but down it goes on to parchment equally with the rest. The strangeness, the angles, the hard sayings which might dismay or offend are not evaded: they go into the picture, objectively, without comment (or even with an Old Testament textual comment which only half comprehends the abyss of moral meaning in the incident). Clearly there was so much beyond their present understanding in their Master's nature and acts that they had to be content to report the complex of fact and to leave it at that. The internal evidence of the truth of these narratives is such that, year after year, the attentive critical mind which is open to nuances and ideas and hints is overwhelmed by it. They are so obviously reporting a Superior: reporting barely, plainly, without adjective or theory, gloss or apology, pleading or defence. In them there is far less of these than in Tacitus. Their wording is a transparency for Him.

The picture resulting has features which (though we are in part and gradually accustomed to them) do not appeal to the natural man but are an obstacle to him. There is much in the ethical revelation which opposes our self-will, much that we would rather wish were not there, but which nevertheless—or therefore—carries the eternal hall-mark of its genesis from above. The community and the evangelists of the first

century stood awe-struck, and only half understanding, before Him and the facts of His life even when it was puzzling or displeasing to them. The facts were too strong for them to take liberties with; the character too unique to stand tampering.

In externals, He was too lowly for the people to whom He came. But in His claims, on the other hand, He was too exalted for them. Yet they must adjust to Him, not He to them. As for glory, for a Messiah in their sense was there not a similarity about His miracles? Most of these were performed on sick people, with a complete avoidance of glitter, and with occasional charges of secrecy. Even His miracles showed reserve and selection and reticence, and they were always ethical in character. The expectation everywhere was that "He who was to come" would bring things as they were to a consummation and conclusion. How easy to have been shaped unconsciously by the pressure of this strong mental atmosphere around Him! Yet Our Lord acts spontaneously as though He had never heard of it; instead of falling in with this universal supposition of the race, He made a new beginning. "You have heard them of old times say. . . But I say unto you. . ."

Again, He chose not to be brought up in mystery, but in full view of the people, in a carpenter's workshop, with mother and family known, known also their poverty, and in Nazareth with its indifferent reputation. It was an offence that He should be of Galilee at all. The very conditions of His life are a sort of Divine criticism and corrective of the all-too-human precedents and anticipations current then as now. He does not fit any of the prepared popular moulds: the Divine individuality makes its own, the Spirit blew where it would. The result was one who confounded the theorists—"the wise and prudent" no less than the vulgar traditionalists—and did not court the mood of the populace, or the wise in their own esteem by concessions and "tact" which would have been a straight path to instant comprehension, acceptance and success. The life, deeds and sayings, no less than the Cross, were "to the Jews an offence and to the Greeks [with their notions of the sage] folly."

Even to-day we have not grown to the stature which quite understands. Take a simple example—our secret feeling that a natural calamity is necessarily a portioned-out punishment of sin, or a success a proof of virtue. Our Lord hunted this

still tenacious popular fallacy out of its hiding place. "Think you that those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell were worse than others? I tell you nay." This unwincing statement of a puzzling unwelcome truth must have made many of the pious gasp. It perhaps does so still. But there must be no "lying for God," no unsound claims for Providence—which moves on quite other lines. Calamities come to the good and to the evil. The sun shines equally on the bad and the good. We see it every day, and dislike admitting it. But the Word made flesh points to Nature before pointing beyond and behind it. Though the victims of a given catastrophe may be no more deserving of it than obvious scamps who escape all inconveniences, the main lesson—the lesson which alone matters—is that God's judgments run along lines and in spheres far more numerous and real than those of the present and the flesh. As to the tragedy at Siloam which had engraved itself on his hearers, "I tell you that unless you repent, you shall likewise perish" . . . "Fear not them that kill the body," but the Judge Eternal. "Yea, fear *Him*."

This was bracing, buffeting, disturbing doctrine, and therefore very characteristic of Our Lord, with His steep surprises of view, His cogent reversals of the timid and conventional conclusion, His drastic revision of the human, all-too-human, outlook. At once we are puffed away from the little man-made backwaters and are out where the big winds blow. That is true, indeed, of every aspect of Our Lord—bodily, mental, spiritual: His work, sayings, miracles. "All four Gospels," as Mr. Wells writes—let these words atone somewhat for much not written so wisely—"agree in giving us a picture of a very definite personality, and one is obliged to say, 'Here is a *Man*. This could not have been invented.' Clearly a person of intense personal magnetism, to use a popular phrase. His doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven was a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and utter cleansing without and within. Is it any wonder that those who were rich and prosperous felt a horror of strange things, a swimming of the world at his teaching? That they were dazzled and cried out against him? . . . For to take him seriously was to enter upon a strange and alarming life, to abandon habits, to control instincts and impulses, to essay an incredible happiness."

W. J. BLYTON.

THE FUTURE OF CAPITAL¹

LET me invite your attention to two matters. The first is the remarkable evidence, furnished by the present economic crisis, of the practical soundness of the Church's teaching on interest, prices and wages. The second, and to my thinking more important, matter is the nature and extent of the changes now in progress in the economic structure and the importance of these changes in relation to the mind of the Church.

Take first the matter of interest: The ground upon which the Church condemned usury was because it was extortionate. A papal condemnation at the beginning of the sixteenth century defined usury as "the attempt to draw profit and increment, without labour, without cost and without risk, out of the use of a thing that does not fructify." In medieval times the word was used to cover all manner of unjust contracts. According to St. Thomas a contract was fair when both parties gained equally from its execution. It became unfair when one party gained at the cost of the other. Monopolistic price-raising, unfair price-cutting, rack-renting, beating down of wages, excessive middleman profits, and many other practices were all included in the term usury. Its special application to loan-interest came somewhat later. It is well, however, to bear in mind that the principle which condemns usurious interest is the same as that which supports the doctrine of the just price and the fair wage—namely, the injustice of extortion in any form.

The essence of usury in the taking of interest lay, as Tawney says, in the taking of what the modern economists call "pure interest"—that is, interest as a fixed payment stipulated in advance for a loan of money or wares, without risk to the lender. The element that made this interest usury was that the interest was fixed; whether the borrower gained or lost, the lender took his pound of flesh. We must allow that when a loan really increases the productiveness of the labour and skill of the borrower, the lender is entitled to at least a fair proportion of the fruit, besides reasonable compensation for risk assumed in making the loan. In short,

¹ Substance of an Address to the "National Catholic Alumni Federation," U.S.A.

where money had of itself a "use," the owner of money is entitled to benefit therefrom. In our modern system, "there is obviously a demand for, and a market value to, money, that can be put to use to develop property, to open up mines or great territories, or to facilitate transfer and exchange of goods. Under such conditions money 'fructifies' indirectly, so that the question of usury in asking interest does not enter into the question at all. Moreover, there is hardly any form of money-lending through investment that does not involve at least a modicum of risk." ¹ It can thus be safely said that in these days there is at least some legitimate interest for the use of money. The point that I desire to emphasize is that, in fact, the fructifying power of money, as money, at the present day is a good deal smaller than we have commonly supposed, and that, in general, a large part of the interest on existing obligations has proved to be in effect usurious.

What we call the Capitalist system is not by its nature necessarily bound up with money-lending and interest, but in practice the debt-relation plays an enormously important role in its operations. There is no inherent reason why the "capital" employed in production and distribution—that is land, buildings and machinery—could not be represented entirely by evidences of ownership, rather than by evidences of debt. In practice, however, a considerable part is represented by debt. Moreover, our public wealth, Federal, State and City, is represented exclusively by debt, all bearing fixed interest. A recent estimate places the amount of debt in all forms outstanding in the United States at about \$135,000,000,000. It is interesting to note that our "national wealth" is estimated at about \$260,000,000,000, and our 1932 "national income" at about \$40,000,000,000. From these figures, it is apparent that debt is a most important element in our social economy: equally important is the ownership of this debt.

As we all know, the savings of the great mass of our people exist mainly in the form of deposits in savings banks and policies of insurance. Endowments of colleges, hospitals and other institutions of similar character are for the most part similarly invested, and amount to a very large sum. Thus the dependence of a large proportion of our people is upon the regular payment of interest and principal of debt—most of it long-term debt represented by fixed capital assets. Further—

¹ Richard Dana Skinner.

more, the principle upon which their money has thus been lent comes close to that of "pure interest"—that is a fixed payment with the element of risk excluded, so far as judgment could so provide. It is the great middle class which is the creditor class. The debtor class is composed mainly of "tops" and "bottoms"—the very needy and largely "marginal" farmer and householder at the bottom, and the great corporations and governmental units at the top—together with the individual *entrepreneurs*, business men and the speculators. This is something which our politicians do not always realize or remember.

Until very recently it has been quite generally assumed that, in our modern economic system, there was practically no assignable limit to the capacity of new capital, invested in productive plant, to fructify, that is to yield a return out of which interest could properly be paid. Putting it in another way, the world assumed that "nature" could be made to yield compound interest at a reasonably generous rate, and, therefore, that it could safely go to debt in continually increasing amounts. I suggest that one of the great lessons of this depression is that this assumption is not true, and further that one of the principal causes of the depression—perhaps the dominant cause—is the weight of sterile debt, accumulated during the great war and afterwards. It seems to me that "nature"—by which I mean the general order of things—is more severe upon usury than was the Church. The Church merely condemned the interest upon an "unproductive" loan, but "nature" condemns as well such use of the principal. That is the point that I chiefly wish to emphasize.

We are now beginning to realize the real meaning of those recurring episodes in our economic life which we call panics and depressions. They represent something like periodical audits, when we stop to take account of our position. One notable feature of all such audits is the wiping out of a mass of debt. This we call "liquidation." In his book on "The Pound Sterling" Mr. Feavearyear has a very pregnant sentence which reads as follows :

There is probably some principle deep down in human nature, or in the system which man has constructed for satisfying his wants by producing goods for a market, which secures that those who take a mortgage upon the means of production, in order to live in

idleness upon the interest, shall in the long run be deprived of a portion of the wealth which they lend.

That is profoundly true—and never so true as to-day. Never in the history of the modern world has there been outstanding so enormous a volume of debt and probably never has so large a proportion of that debt been in fact barren, because it represents no fructifying capacity, as is the case to-day. The audit upon which "nature" is at present engaged promises to be the most severe ever experienced. This for two reasons: one is that we have borrowed, *for purely destructive purposes*, a colossal sum of money represented to-day by nothing whatever in the shape of value; the other is that we have also borrowed and spent largely for capital, that is not as productive as we hoped it would be, besides borrowing and spending lavishly for social benefits at a rate beyond our present means. The result is that the dead weight of this mass has gravely dislocated the distribution of the world's income, and has largely helped to bring about the present terrible condition of unemployment.

I suggest, first, that, as the world to-day gets its living, the power of money to fructify depends mainly upon the degree in which the growth of wealth tends to be dynamic rather than static, and, second, that this fructifying power has always been smaller than has been assumed. In a word, "nature"—I use the phrase to signify the process as a whole—is really niggardly in yielding "pure interest." This is another way of saying that in general the debt outstanding, especially in the past twenty years, and particularly in the past fifteen years, has been and is in fact usurious and will not be paid. I may remind you that currency inflation as applied to debt is but expropriation under an anæsthetic, which is none the less expropriation. Thus, to sum this part of the matter up in a sentence, the wisdom and the truth of the Church's doctrine on usury and interest are confirmed in practice. We know now that usury will not work. Usury is not merely ethically wrong, but also it does not "pay." The latter fact may perhaps convince those to whom the ethical argument is unpersuasive.

So much for usury; not less striking is the vindication, supplied by experience, of the Church's doctrine of the "just price" and the "fair wage." A remarkable phenomenon of the times is the practically unanimous abandonment of the

so-called "classical economy," that we call the *laissez-faire* theory. Not so very long ago it was the fashion to regard Adam Smith's proclamation of divorce between ethics and economics as his great contribution to economic thinking. Few indeed are there to-day to do him reverence for this. For we have found out by bitter experience that *laissez-faire* has "worked" no better than does usury.

It does not work because it does not produce the thing which is the mainspring of the work, viz., profit. Stating it more exactly, the modern industrial system, basing itself upon continuous invention, rapidly changing methods and machinery, mass-production and keen competition, finds that profit tends to be destroyed almost as fast as it appears, and that the net result of it all, when "nature's" audits have been completed, is that no one has "made" much, if anything. Periods of seeming prosperity are succeeded by periods of depression with the net result that much capital is lost. Unrestricted competition in the raising and spending of capital and in the making of prices means in the end the kind of thing that we have to-day. The "century of progress" now being fêted at Chicago finds us at the close wondering whether what is still left of civilization can ever be preserved. The one most conspicuous result, at the finish of that century, is the destitution of a colossal multitude of human beings, for whom no visible means of livelihood are offered. To that end the combination of debt and unrestricted competition, plus the achievements of science, have brought the civilized world. It is assuredly a grim comment upon the creed of "progress" to which in my young days the world committed its faith.

We have now found by experience that the principle of "competition" must give place to the principle of "co-operation" and that "economics" must assume a definitely "social" attitude as contrasted with the extreme "individualistic" attitude of the old so-called "classical" theory. In other words, the divorce proclaimed by that theory between economics and ethics has been annulled by "nature" and economics must resume its rightful place as a branch of ethics. It is not too much to say that the very essence of the President's National Recovery Law is an attempt to organize the industrial and commercial activities of the people, in accord with the principles of medieval times which are expressed in the concepts of the "just price" and the "fair wage." Under that act, industries are to organize themselves for the purpose of elimi-

nating cut-throat competition, so as to stabilize prices of products at a level which will permit continuous operation at a fair profit. This looks to the concept of the "just price." It is, moreover, agreed by all that modern industry depends for its life upon a wide market for its products, and that the "consuming power" of the many must be increased. This looks to the "fair wage" concept. Here, too, as in the case of interest, the Church's doctrine is practically vindicated. Only by basing itself definitely upon the principles of the "just price" and "fair wage" can the present system survive. The alternative is either Bolshevism or Fascism—the "Communist" or the "Corporate" state—systems which in their essence are equally opposed both to the Church's doctrine of society, and to all the fundamentals of the American ideals of government.

So much for the pragmatic vindication of the principles laid down by the Church. In that vindication we can naturally find much satisfaction, a satisfaction all the greater because it is clear that at present events are moving the world in the direction of our goal—that is, in the direction of greater "social justice." We shall do well, however, to note the character of the forces that are at work and the true nature of the changes that are impending in our economic process. In regard to the suggestions that I have to offer with respect to these, I am speaking neither as a capitalist nor an employer but simply as an individual observer.

That we are in the opening stages of a major economic revolution admits of little doubt. In my opinion that revolution must be regarded as the second phase of the great French Revolution of a century and a half ago. All revolutions accomplish a transfer of "power" from one class in the community to another. The first phase of the French Revolution accomplished a transfer of political power from the hands of the few to the hands of the many. It established the principle of political equality. That transfer was not completed until the advent of the great war. We need not stop to note what has since happened to "democracy" in certain countries, for it is irrelevant to this particular discussion. The second phase of that Revolution which has now opened has for its object the transfer of economic power from the few to the many and for its goal something like economic equality. It was inevitable that acquisition by the many of political power would result in demand for economic power, for the former

without the latter was an empty possession. That demand has been made and is in process of satisfaction; it is in fact the essence of the "New Deal."

All revolutions are in greater or less degree violent. Much bloodshed accompanied the transfer of political power. Happily none threatens in the present series of changes—at least so far as we can see at present. But there are kinds of violence other than bloodshed. All revolutions have a lunatic fringe and a fringe of injustice, and this one will be no exception in this respect—even if it accomplishes itself by "peaceful" means—that is, by legislative statutes.

I think it of the first importance that we Catholics whose sole concern is the establishment of "social justice" should recognize the fact of the revolution, and the consequences of that fact—if it be a fact. Our principles are in objective accord with the revolt against the inequality of the present distribution of this world's goods. No one has voiced a sterner or juster protest against this inequality than have the heads of the Church—the two great Popes who have called all Catholics to action for its rectification.

What in the future is to be the position of "Capital"? By "Capital" I presume we mean "wealth" and the power that goes with "wealth," as distinguished from "management" and "labour." I have already suggested that so far as return on capital is concerned, it will be smaller than it has been supposed to be in the past. Mr. Adolf Berle, who is one of the principal experts advising the Administration, has pointed out that a distinction between "active" and "passive" property is of the essence in the "New Deal," and that the "returns" and the "power" of "passive" property are in the future to be radically curtailed in the interest of "society" in general. The "Capital" that we are talking about is the "passive" property that Mr. Berle has in mind. Its share of the total "national income" will be diminished as time goes on and the share of "labour" and "management" will be increased. That is one of the inevitable consequences of the revolution now in progress. That revolution will determine the position of "Capital," and "Capital" will have very little to say about its fate. So much seems to me to be certain; what is uncertain is whether "Capital" will continue to survive at all in its present form. That is at present unguessable. Time alone will tell.

If it survives essentially unchanged, what will be its

functions? It seems to me that they will consist chiefly in obeying orders of Government, for that is what a "planned economy" really means, and a planned economy we are going to have. That, in fact, is the revolution. Government will be the senior partner in all important industry and commerce. The junior partners will have little to say. It may be that for a time they may, if they show real initiative and vision, influence their senior in minor matters of policy, but in the nature of things the senior's hand will always hold the reins of power, and the senior's interest will not in the main coincide with the interest of the juniors. In a word, I deem it a waste of time to discuss what "Capital" *ought* to do inasmuch as it will *have* to do what it is *told* to do. Much assuredly of what it will have to do is what we think it *ought* to do. We may feel reasonably sure that the revolution will in its course accomplish most of our programme, so far as restricting the profits and the power of "Capital" are concerned.

If I am right in my appraisal of what is on foot—that is, that it is a major revolution—the army of revolt is moving at present in the direction of our goal and we can march with it. Let us not, however, deceive ourselves as to the company in which we find ourselves on that march, or suppose that its *ultimate* goal and ours are the same. It is true that upon their banners like ours "justice" is emblazoned, and their appeal like ours is professedly to that ideal. But there the bond of unity ends, and it is imperative that we recognize that fact.

We are marching in the ranks of an army which either knows nothing of our fundamental principles, or, where it knows them, denies them. Our companions in arms—many of them—are actuated less by a strict sense of justice than by passionate emotions of jealousy, envy and hatred of wealth as such, and not a few even by a personal hatred of some wealthy men. I judge this by the public utterances of the representatives of these men in the halls of Congress and on the stump. If these representatives did not believe that, in saying what they do they were pleasing their constituents, they would not say it, and if they were wrong in this belief their constituents would not elect them.

If I am right in this view of the facts it seems to me that it behoves us Catholics to walk warily in two respects. We can go with the revolutionary army as far as our own goal

is concerned, but the time will surely come—it may not be very far distant—when, if it really is “justice”—“social justice”—that is our aim we shall have to part company with the main body of that army. With the revolution’s lunatic fringe and with its fringe of injustice, we can have no proper part. We can feel reasonably sure that the army of revolt will go at least as far as our goal. Our goal is a *fair* distribution of the national income. It is certain that a sweeping redistribution of that income is under way, at least so far as depopulation of the top-income brackets is concerned; it is very doubtful whether that redistribution will stay within the bounds of justice. Beyond those bounds of justice we cannot rightly go, if we are to be true to our principles. Let us be careful to note those bounds, well in advance of their attainment.

The second respect in which we owe it to ourselves and to our fellow-citizens to walk warily is in the matter of the temper in which we discuss these matters.

We cannot afford to add our voice to the chorus of mere passionate and indiscriminate denunciation of men, methods and measures which is swelling so mightily and filling the air in these days around us. The public mind is certainly in no need of further exhortations to excitement about these things. We should be more careful than other people in avoiding misstatements, misconceptions, and exaggeration in our discussion of the facts of the time. We of all people cannot afford to offend against the truth—quite apart from the fundamental requirements of charity. I shall be frank enough to say that, in my opinion, some of our Press has not done well in this respect. I have seen expressions which left much to be desired in accuracy and in charity. We are told that the wrath of man does not work the justice of God. It seems to me that there is a fully sufficient supply of man’s wrath loose at present, and that it needs no reinforcement at the hands of us who are pleading for “social justice.” It is for that reason that I lay stress upon the necessity for moderation in our speech and actions at the present time.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

THE STATUE

MY first sight of the statue was accidental. It happened when I was beginning in Fleet Street and travelling to town daily. On this particular morning my train was halted by a signal, just as it pulled out of one of the inner suburban stations. It was the unexpectedness of the stop that made me glance up from my newspaper and I found myself looking straight at Our Lady.

We had halted under one of those big blocks of flats that spring like dark, Wagnerian cliffs from the very edge of the railway line. The train was right under the cliff, I had the Englishman's determined habit of choosing a corner seat and the window showing the statue had been pushed wide open. Thanks to these things the statue seemed so close that I felt I could almost have reached it with my hand.

I don't know whether others have the same reactions, but such a glimpse through a window as the train passes always gives me a small thrill. It is as though I had found a sudden peep-hole into a stranger's life. The fact that, this time, it was the life of a co-religionist seemed to make it even more romantic. . . I, a Catholic, had been given this moment of understanding intimacy with, perhaps, the only Catholic in that big warren of apartments.

That seemed to make the minute contact unique. Yet there was nothing unique about the statue. It was an ordinary white plaster reproduction of an ordinary statue—the Lourdes statue—about three feet high. It stood on the top of a cheap, yellow-painted chest of drawers set close to the window and at such an angle that I could see it three-quarter face. It looked very white and well tended, yet it had once been badly broken, for a thin but very carefully glued crack slanted right across the body about a third up. Also one of the hands, the right, had lost all its fingers.

I saw all this with that strange, precise clarity which is always so marked in these snatched glimpses from a railway carriage. I noted, for instance, that a medal hung upon the statue's breast from a slender chain round the neck. It was an unusual medal, oblong and of silver, but having some sort of gold addition in its centre. I could not see this plainly but

I took it to be a First Communion medal of the kind that has a chalice with the Host imposed in gold.

I must have noted the statue many times after that, always on my journeys to town; when I passed at night, or rather, because of my work, in the small hours of the morning, the window was shut and half curtains and a blue blind cut off the interior. But at first my interest was not really conscious. The flats came, as I say, just after a station so that the train was always slowish in passing them, while no doubt the distraction of the recent stop found me inattentive enough to allow my eyes to stray from my paper and find the statue again. . . . Anyhow the habit became automatic enough for me to note any differences in the statue and its surroundings.

The first of these was a bunch of flowers placed before it—primroses, set in no more august a vase than a cup with a broken handle. It was only a small, penny bunch of primroses and they remained there many days—but that told me something about the owner of the statue.

He or she—but I finally settled on she—was not very well off. The flats rather argued that. They weren't tenements, but they were of the type let out to small clerks, beginning-marriage couples and so forth. The broken cup, the penny bunch told of really pinched means, yet the care with which the flowers were preserved by changing the water in the cup, to say nothing of the neatness of the statue itself, suggested a decent and steady, as well as pious, personality.

That is how I came to picture the owner as a woman—a young housewife just married on very limited means and making a gallant and frugal fight for happiness. I was so pleased with the idea that I experienced quite a personal pleasure when, more than six months later, I saw three fine red roses set in a glass tumbler before the statue.

There had been other flowers for Our Lady after the primroses, daffodils and others in season as the months passed, but always very few of them, the cheapest bunches only—yet now there were roses, really expensive offerings compared with what had gone before.

"Things are looking up for our newly-weds," I thought.

After that I watched the statue as one watching the progress of a family fortune. For actually that statue was telling me a story. After the roses the flower offerings went back to the cheap little bunches, as though the roses had been a special celebration, but only for a time. One day, towards

the end of the year, an even more striking wonder appeared—a brass vase.

It held only cheap flowers, a few small asters, but it was really a significant advance. No more broken cups or tumblers—Our Lady had a solid and permanent gift in that neat, brass vase fit to grace any altar. It seemed to me the symbol of a solid and definite step in my young couple's career.

The months that followed proved it. Presently there were no more cheap flowers; nice, big, carefully chosen bunches were appearing twice or more a week. My little housewife was a careful manager, but her loyalty and gratitude to Our Lady was as steady as herself. And Our Lady prospered her.

A companion to the brass vase appeared. Then a larger one, quite a splendid fellow for a centre piece, and a generous supply of flowers for all three.

"They'll get on," I told Our Lady. "You can't help helping them, they're such a nice, thoughtful, properly grateful couple."

They got on. The statue was a steady proof of how they prospered. The whole process, you must understand, took years—probably nearer four than three, yet those years were, to me, a panorama of their continuous advancement. To the vases and the better flowers were added two small brass candlesticks, then two bigger ones. Then a strip of fine blue brocade was put across the chest of drawers for Our Lady to stand on. Later the flowers grew really lavish. Later still the statue was raised on a square base and the top of the chest became a veritable small altar.

My young husband and wife were progressing magnificently. There was no doubt of that. They had, in fact, become positively well-off and were signifying their appreciation for their well-being by the attentions they gave to Our Lady of the cracked statue. . . I thought that particularly nice of them, by the way. However much money my little housewife could now afford to spend, she did not buy a more ornate statue. She remained to the end loyal to that damaged one.

During all this time I never saw a sign of life in the window. It was as unchanged as when I first set eyes on it—just the statue standing there, backed by a section of neutral tinted wall. There was never a hint of a human being. But that was to be expected. The husband must have been off to his business long before I set out for my journalistic one, while a woman so industrious and careful as I thought his

wife must be, would be working efficiently to a set schedule that kept her in another room at the time my train passed.

Not that I wanted to see either of the delightful creatures of my—or rather the statue's—romance. I had made up my own picture of them—the husband a quiet, responsible fellow, intelligent, hard-working and human; the wife, a big, wholesome, no-nonsense-about-her country girl, with clear cheeks and calm eyes, who went straight ahead with the business of life and Faith, without either fuss or pose.

However, I never did see them. And presently I realized that soon I would never have the chance. The evidence of the statue made it plainer and plainer that they were doing extremely well. They were passing from comfort to riches. Their last tribute to Our Lady proved this. . . It was a blue votive lamp hung by silver chains from a rod that had been fixed to the frame of the window. It was a very fine lamp indeed, a beautiful replica of some Continental specimen of antique silversmith's work. I thought it was silver, too, but in any case the workmanship was so fine that it must have cost a great deal of money.

When I saw it I thought: "By jove, you're rich, my dears—you've arrived. Our Lady has brought you to fortune. . . And now you won't be long in *that* block of flats."

I was right. Within a few weeks I was looking up at the window and finding it blank. The statue had gone and the chest of drawers, the window was down and curtainless. There was about it the unmistakable air of desertion.

It was a pang—I quite missed that statue, yet I was rather proud of having played the part of onlooker and prophet to the small drama of progress and prosperity. I had sat, as it were, in a front seat and watched their career from its pinched beginning to wealth, watched them—through that statue—outgrow their nest.

They had gone, I guessed, to some better and more commodious house in an outer suburb, or, perhaps, to some country spot within easy journey of the husband's business. Certainly I had no doubt that they had flowered out into well-ordered comfort, with, say, a fine garden, good friends and all the decent luxuries that their industry had deserved. And they would go on in honourable prosperity as befitted the admirable couple they were. With their wealth they would be a power of good to their new parish, help their church, perhaps do useful work in local affairs. . . I had no

doubt at all about their well-being or their good intentions. The way they had treated that cracked statue told me how deep-rooted was their loyalty to the ideals of the Faith.

I was glad that they had got on, I told myself, even though I was never to see the statue again. . .

But I was wrong about that. I did see it again, fifteen years later—that is a couple of days ago.

I had forgotten it in the years between. Shortly after it had vanished from the window I had become a Special Correspondent, and as that meant my being hurried like a Will-o'-the-wisp from one point after another of this crazy world's activities, I was forced to take rooms in town and give up my train journeys with their memories.

It was while touring the hard-hit industrial areas for some "Unemployment" articles for my paper, that I visited one of the worst of them. As usual, I made first for the parish priest—one of the best possible ways of getting at the true, human inwards of local conditions.

This district was as dreary and dejected a huddle of mean houses and despairing streets as man had ever created out of his greed for personal prosperity. The local priest's presbytery was in character. Poor!—Why, a kind of cold, hard, black poverty seemed to chill me, directly I was shown into the stark room that served both as parlour and study. As I glanced round at its grim lack of all that ordinary, jog-along men demand for decent comfort, I thought:

"Well, nobody can accuse this priest of living on the fat of luxury while his people starve. He must be worse off even than many of his parishioners."

As I thought that I found myself staring at the statue again.

There was no doubting it was *my* statue—my recognition was immediate and instinctive. It was a little dingier than fifteen years ago, but still most beautifully and lovingly kept . . . and there, anyhow, was the neatly glued crack and the hand with the missing fingers. To clinch it, the medal was still on its breast—and it *was* a First Communion medal, as I had thought.

I was startled, for the recollection of the statue sprang so vividly into my mind, and all the romance I had built round it. All that progress from pinched means to wealth—To wealth! I looked round that bare room—how had I made so gross a mistake about that wealth?

Yet I recalled that beautiful lamp, and the other evidences of steady prosperity. They were not here, but they *had* been part of the statue once . . . what had happened? What did the change in the statue mean?

The priest came in; a quiet man, very ordinary, several years older than I—only I had a good, warm suit of clothes and was living in circumstances where three full meals a day were normal. He, in fact, looked as threadbare and as poverty-bitten as his parish. . . And I had thought the owner of that statue a person of wealth!

I had to get my explanation of that before I could talk of my business. I simply could not have got on with my work until the riddle was solved. He listened to my story of the statue patiently and then laughed . . . just laughed. Amazing how priests can keep their sense of humour under such bitter conditions—not that he hadn't cause for amusement, for he said:

"So you thought *me* a newly-married couple—how funny."

Yes, funny—for he added, as I began to mumble that perhaps the statue had belonged to his parents:

"No, that was my window, my room in the flat, and that statue was always mine."

He turned to look at the statue with smiling affection.

"So my whole romance about your advance from poverty to affluence was all—all moonshine?" I said ruefully.

"I wonder?" he said with twinkling eyes. Then he told me the real story of the statue.

He had bought it to take to the seminary. He had always wanted to be a priest, was preparing to be a priest, but had to give it up. His father died. He was the eldest son of the family—there was a younger boy and two girls. His was the responsibility for keeping that family.

His mother had very bravely eked out her husband's insurance money until he had come to earning age, and his elder sister, who was a dress designer, had helped. But she, too, was only young and beginning and there wasn't money enough to keep the family going while the youngsters were still at school. It was imperative that he should go into an office and earn, and so, resigning his ambition for the priesthood, he became a clerk.

Through their parish priest he obtained a position with very good wages for a boy, but even then they remained terribly poor. That was why his room had seemed so bare through

the window, why he had to be content with the cracked statue and, at first, no flowers.

"I remember that first bunch of primroses," he smiled dreamily. "They were the fruit of my first rise—my personal share of it, you understand, a copper or so a week extra. Naturally it went to Our Lady. She was the one hope of my ever being able to attain my vocation. . . That was why I was so—so attentive to her. For, as you saw, she prospered my ambition. . .

"Yes, you noted the stages—I can remember them all myself. They were milestones leading to the altar, you see. . . That bunch of roses, a whole, extravagant one and sixpenny-worth, that was when my elder sister became head designer of the little concern where she was employed, with an increase of salary that allowed us, at last, to breathe more freely. . .

"That first brass vase—Ah, yes, that was a real stride forward. I'd been made a salesman with higher wages *and* a commission—you remember the flowers were better after that? That was the commission. I promised Our Lady a percentage on anything extra I earned that way. . . I was putting by a fund for my mother, and, poor though my offerings were, Our Lady responded.

"Then my younger sister, a clever girl, won a scholarship that took her to college, relieving us of certain small expenses—that was the second vase. . . The big one came from the steady increase of my earnings, I really did do well for a youngster. The candlesticks—I had got my brother into my firm, he too was earning. . .

"We were blessedly comfortable then with all those wages coming in, yet I remained the chief stay, the responsible factor. The family could not have carried on without my earnings—still, thanks to Our Lady, there was, even as things were, a little to spare; so, as you saw, I increased my devotion to her, pleaded with her more and more to grant me the grace of priesthood. She had done so much already that I knew I could count on her." His eyes twinkled again, "So I coaxed and coaxed her with my added candlesticks and my brocade altar cloth and the rest. . ."

"And the votive lamp?" I put in. "That struck me—as—well, the crown of your progress."

"But it was," the priest smiled softly. "I had long promised her that. . . I saw it in a Repository near my office. It was the most beautiful thing of its kind I'd ever seen. . . I

told Our Lady that I would buy it for her little shrine if she granted my request to become a priest. . . And she did. A very old friend of my mother's came home from the colonies. A good man; a fine-hearted man. He had been in love with my mother before she met my father, he had gone abroad because she had married my father—and he was still in love with her. . . He came home and he asked her to marry him. Possibly because his devotion counted, possibly because my mother knew what it would mean to me, she consented. . . . And so I was at last free to follow my vocation. . . Our stepfather was not a rich man, but he was well enough off to provide for my mother as well as my brother and sisters, if needs be, without my aid. . . My prayers had been granted—and, naturally, I fulfilled my promise and bought that lamp. . . It was costly, but Our Lady had deserved it and my mother, who had been so brave and fine, understood—she was the first to light it and she tended it until she married and went to live with her husband and the children in her new home in the suburbs—and I went to Osterley. . .”

“What has become of that lamp and the candlesticks and the rest?” I asked, looking at the statue, which could now only boast one small glass vase by way of adornment, with—yes, a penny bunch of primroses.

The priest smiled and said: “You have seen my parish, haven't you? We are very poor.”

And then he began to tell me the things I was there to learn. . . a terrible, heart-rending, pitiable tale. . . So painful, indeed, in its texture of uniform and grinding want, year in and year out, that I repeated my wonderment at my mistake, as I shut my notebook:

“And I had pictured you—through that statue—as having entered upon a life of splendid wealth. How absurdly one's fancies lead one astray.”

“Yes,” he said, and then his eyes twinkled once more. “But are you sure they did?”

I made a gesture that indicated both the stark poverty of his room and his parish.

“Obviously they did.”

“So,” he smiled, “Well, we're having Benediction in ten minutes, come and look at the congregation that crowds my church. . . After all, ambition and wealth aren't always just money.”

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

HOW TO TELL A CHRISTIAN !

CHRISt Himself selected the token by which His followers should be known. I say "His followers" for although all men are creatures of God and, on account of this common origin, akin to one another, yet only those raised to the supernatural order by grace and thus made co-heirs with Christ can be rightly styled God's children, mutually united by the tie of brotherhood. Hence it is the duty of baptized Christians to be foremost in recognizing, in thought and act, the solidarity of mankind. It was to emphasize this solidarity that the Founder of Christianity, out of all the moral perfections which He Himself taught and practised, selected the unifying virtue of love to distinguish His brethren for all time. He did not, as He might well have done, select Faith in Himself as such a mark : nor Fortitude in resisting evil, though that too is essential : nor even Obedience to His law, obvious as that might seem. No : "By this shall all men know," He emphatically decided, "that ye are My disciples, if you have love one for another." Thus He demands more than mere justice—the giving to each his due—difficult though even that is for fallen man. And He does not restrict the "one another" to friends and fellow-disciples; that would not form any distinction—"do not the heathen do this?" He calls His followers to a task, the exercise of which is a sure sign of their supernatural union with Himself. "Love your enemies," He commands, "do good to them that hate you, and pray for those who calumniate and persecute you." Of all His "hard sayings," none has proved more difficult to practise than this, for it runs counter to that love of self which is the deepest of human instincts. Few of His followers have followed Him perfectly herein, but the ideal has been a constant stimulus to all, and the world's history is full of heroic examples of the Christian meekness thus achieved.

The early Christians, in the first flush of their conversion and with the example of Christ's own disciples before their eyes, were indeed conspicuous, in a world corrupted by self-love, for their overflowing charity. And, doubtless, by contrast with the surrounding heathendom, this was long their characteristic. But even the Apostles had constantly to exhort them to fresh efforts and to reproach them for vices con-

trary to fraternal love—the “works of the flesh,” so carefully enumerated in Galatians “. . . enmity, strife, jealousy, wrath, dissensions, factions, parties, envy. . .” These tares stood amid the wheat from the first, as they stand to-day, when, despite nineteen centuries of Christianity, the “natural man” has re-asserted himself with such energy and success, when the world’s whole outlook is a practical repudiation of the Christian law of love.

It was, doubtless, hard, when the world was at war, to uphold the Christian ideal of love. Then, in order to nerve kindly men to the barbarous work of mutual slaughter, it was thought necessary to cultivate hatred, and, in order to nourish that evil growth, to maintain a campaign of lying and calumny which stuck at no invention, however horrible. The spirit thus evoked did not return whence it came on the declaration of peace; for, alas! it presided at the Peace Conference, the terms of which were, in many respects, unjust and vindictive, destined, as all injustice is, to keep alive resentment and to provoke fresh conflicts. Fifteen years after Versailles, the victors who, scorning the Christian wisdom of the Vatican, allowed fear and revenge to dictate their policy, find themselves confronted with a worse menace than faced them in 1914, and thus unable to abandon the transient security their present armed preponderance provides. Fear and hatred, not love that casteth out fear, rule to-day the counsels of Europe, in spite of the manifest moral and material advantages of mutual friendship and understanding. The machinery of peace—the World League, the World Court, the many Peace Pacts—exists but does not function, because hatred is cultivated instead of goodwill, and the nation is worshipped instead of God. Many Governments—Russia, Mexico, Spain—have formally abandoned the truths of Christian revelation—the whole idea of the next world as giving its right meaning and purpose to this—whilst all have ignored it in their political practice.

International relations tend to reflect the prevalent atmosphere at home. A nation, the social and industrial life of which is split up into factions and classes, making war on each other with little regard for the common good, will be all the less likely to promote harmony amongst other nations. Justice and charity alike begin at home. The extreme unlikelihood of domestic peace, failing a universally accepted religious ideal and a practical recognition of the divine law and its sanctions—a condition seldom enough found in the

individual and never in the community—makes, of course, the attainment of perfect world-agreement entirely Utopian. The most that can be hoped for is a growing sense of the folly and barbarity of war as a means of *settling* international disputes, and the gradual elimination of the profit-motive which does so much to keep it alive. But without practical Christianity, the pursuit of even this ideal will be long and chequered, and the prevalent secularism of Governments, the natural result of "national" churches, is the greatest obstacle to Christian peace. Where there is no vision—no sense or sight of the supernatural—the peoples perish.

However, the arm of the Lord is not shortened. The early Church faced a much more hopeless situation, yet in a comparatively short time, it Christianized society, substantially, if not completely nor permanently. It did so by the practice of Christian charity; that mark of Christianity raised it immeasurably above the other creeds and religious systems with which it was surrounded—even above the divinely-instituted but humanly-corrupted religion of the Jews. Rigidly dogmatic and intransigent in morals as it was, it appealed to all nations and classes, and united in brotherhood the Gentile and the Hebrew, the slave and the courtier. It is surely permissible to argue that only by the same means can the renewed paganism of our times be overcome and the world won for Christ. In so far as fraternal love becomes, in fact as well as in theory, the mark of the Christian, Christianity will regain its lost territory and conquer fresh domains.

Instead, therefore, of lamenting the de-Christianization of the world, which hinders in so many ways even its material progress, the first task of the believer is to Christianize, thoroughly, his own little cosmos, and to restore to his practice, in so far as he need, the real spirit of his Faith. It would be startling, were it not so common, to see what degrading compromises Catholics, under sway of political, racial or class prejudice, try to make between their religious profession and their practice. In those nations where democracy has been replaced, for a time at least, by State-Absolutism based on ruthless force, Catholics innumerable—to mention our own Faith only—have forgotten the Church's teaching on civil liberty and because of some material advantage or racial good thereby attained, have ranged themselves willingly on the side of a regime which is not in harmony with the first Christian law. Moreover—to consider countries like France and Ireland where the Government is still democratic—are not

many Catholics supporting the anti-Christian "Action Française" on the one hand, and the I.R.A. on the other, in spite of the Church's ban? In these organizations, hatred of foreign nations and of fellow-citizens is sedulously fostered, and whatever good there may be in their aims, that good is often pursued by immoral means. Yet Catholics should know what Catholic teaching is in regard to the proper constitution of States, the due place of religion in civil society, and the rights and duties of citizens. Two generations ago that teaching was summarized in Pope Leo's masterly Encyclicals—"The Christian Constitution of States" (1885) and "Human Liberty" (1888)—and it is to be found embodied in the treatises of all Catholic moralists. What has followed neglect of that sound doctrine is clear. Despising religion and pursuing false ideals, secularist States have brought the world into its present condition. Writing thirty years ago, the celebrated Catholic economist, C. S. Devas, showed the results of unsound social and political science :

These [materialistic] doctrines have been put into practice by the laws and customs of Europe, America and Australia. But in so doing the nations of the world have been recklessly tampering with the foundations of society and in their blind antagonism to religion, have injured family life, injured the respect for law, injured the harmony of classes, have turned might into right : so that in the opening years of the new century they have attained neither private happiness nor public peace, but are face to face with social discord, national rivalries, unhappy homes, spreading divorce, shrinking birth-rates and the dark shadow of anarchism.

In spite of the portentous catharsis of universal war, the world is still wasting away under the same ailments. "The dark shadow of anarchy" has turned into substance in Russia whose Government has no basis in justice; "national rivalries" are growing more acute, tyrannies, resting on terrorism, have replaced lawful governments in many States—all because Catholics have not duly upheld and practised Christian charity—and the State, designed by God to promote the general welfare and to protect the weaker members of society, has constantly been allowed to go beyond its sphere, and to invade the inalienable domain of the individual, of the family, of the private association—above all, of the Church.

Once the secularist State has embarked on this path, the

end of which is pagan Cæsarism, it cannot be checked and brought back except by the constant re-assertion of the rights thus ignored. Nor is this by any means a hopeless effort, as our own experience in England shows, since, for love of the souls of Christ's little ones, we have defeated time and again the assaults of powerful Governments on our system of religious education. The Catholic spirit, which is the chief support of authority, nevertheless abominates tyranny—the unjustifiable use of force to regulate opinion and conduct—and when that spirit comes into the open, it rallies to itself all that is noble and generous in the human heart. It stands for real freedom, for, whenever the influence of religion is withdrawn, it is the weak and the helpless that are the first to suffer—witness the monstrous projects, widely and openly advocated, of still easier divorce, the killing of the aged and incurable, the sterilization of the imbecile poor, the substitution of harlotry for motherhood, the murder of the infant in the womb. Membership of the Church is, of itself, a God-given commission to be active in combating these abominations, which are all violations of the Christian code. It is our duty, albeit often an invidious and unpleasant one: we are God's witnesses in a godless world: if we do not so confess Christ before men, we run the risk of being unacknowledged by Him in the end.

It is not easy, without a breach of the charity which we are preaching, to say more explicitly wherein the mark of the Christian, fraternal love, seems less conspicuous than it ought to be, in the Catholic world around us. But, if the Charity of Christ really impelled us as a body, is it likely that the many good works in our midst, which have for aim, directly or indirectly, the spiritual good of our neighbour, should be, as they are, enfeebled for want of more general support? There is the Catholic Social Guild, for instance, which, for twenty-one years has been endeavouring to apply the only real remedy to our deep-rooted industrial diseases, without receiving more than a modicum of the help which it surely deserves from the educated laity; so little do they understand the implications of their Faith, so blind are they even to their own material interests. Similarly, the Catholic Truth Society, the mainspring of that "apostolate of the pamphlet" which is one main means of bringing back the Faith to England, cannot expand its admirable work as it ought for lack of Catholic zeal. Again, instead of joining the Catholic Council for International Relations, the only body amongst us formally con-

stituted to further the Papal policy of world-peace, many with tranquil consciences decry all such endeavours as hopeless or unpatriotic, and foster, in themselves and others, those sentiments of racial conceit and antagonism which are essentially pagan. These and the many other regiments of the Church Militant have long been, and remain, mere cadres, awaiting their due expansion. In a word, there are multitudes of Catholics who, in spite of all these associations calling for their aid in the work of redemption, stand aloof from Catholic activities altogether and, except for a minimum of observance, show as little love for their neighbour as do those who have no share in the Talent of Faith. So hard is it in a non-Catholic civilization to resist the infection of secularism, to keep oneself unspotted from a world which is so very much with us.

Let us not shrug our shoulders and say—it has always been so. The history of the Church is, doubtless, full of neglected opportunities, to say nothing of positive scandals, wherein even the shepherds have turned into wolves and devoured their flocks. The cause of Christ has constantly been marred by the jealousies and dissensions of Christ's followers, by quarrels amongst the clergy or rivalries between religious orders. The apathy and meanness and narrowness even of the good have often made the angels weep. Even in his own day St. Paul was moved to exclaim to the Philippians—"All seek their own ends, not those of Jesus Christ"—a spirit which leads some even to oppose good works which do not minister to their own credit. All this is very true but, so far from being a motive for discouragement, it should rather serve as a spur to endeavour. Let us remember, what the Pope has pointed out, that the forces of hatred and evil are to-day ordered and disciplined *as never before*, and that, therefore, we, who serve under the banner of love and goodness, should multiply our energies and perfect our organization. It is of good augury that a movement like the "Society of the Grail," lately (July) described in our pages, should have sprung into being at this juncture, so as to mobilize young Catholic womanhood to whole-hearted Christ-service in the world, and thus to meet, with even more enthusiasm and greater zeal and more genuine sacrifice, the counter-attack of atheism, the only or main motive of which is hate.

With hearts really Christ-like, purified from those stains which disordered self-love engenders—jealousy, class- or party-prejudice, racial pride and pretension, personal enmities—Catholics will be better able to appraise as they

ought the various political experiments which confront them in the world to-day, so as to determine to what degree they are worthy of support as compatible with Catholic tradition. The one test is, do such political systems harmonize with the Gospel law of love? Is the nationalism they engender such as regards the just rights of other races and nations? Is the purpose of God in creating mankind furthered or hindered by such State-policies? It is easy to decide these questions in the case of the Soviets, who explicitly reject Almighty God, the sole source of just rule over men, and therefore are essentially tyrants and usurpers. And there can obviously be no Catholic approbation or palliation of the anti-clerical Governments of Spain and Mexico, which aim more or less directly at extirpating the Catholic religion, and thus are violating their citizens' fundamental rights. Hitlerism and Fascism, on the other hand, both contain a mixture of good and evil, and both are in process of an evolution, whose term is not yet visible. Both aim at being Totalitarian States tempered by religion. To what extent does that free them from the reproach of reproducing the Cæsarism of pagan times, which also was, in its way, religious?

It is as true of the community as of the individual—he that would save his soul must lose it. National Self-sufficiency, a perverted ideal of our time, stands condemned by the Gospel: it is simple personal egotism writ large, a denial of the social nature of man, and of the supernatural concept embodied in Catholicity, which transcends frontiers and aims at the spiritual unification of all mankind. The attitude which St. Paul described¹ in his repeated repudiation of surface distinctions, whether of class, race, sex or status, is essentially Christian, as true to-day as it was in the beginning. Whenever, therefore, we find a theory or policy, the realizing of which would tend to obscure or make more difficult the God-designed unity of mankind, and especially the brotherhood of Christians, we can safely stigmatize it as contrary to the mind of Christ. This is not, of course, to deny that the division of the human race into separate nationalities is in accord with divine Providence, but, though God wills the existence of distinct States, it is no part of His purpose that they should be hostile to each other, or seek their own interests at each other's expense. For He wishes all to belong to the universal spiritual kingdom which He set up on earth at a fixed point of human history and to hold that spiritual citizen-

¹ Coloss. iii, 11: Gal. iii, 8.

ship of greater account than any individual loyalties. And, of those who are called to belong to the Church, His Apostle has said—"We have here no abiding city but seek that which is to come" (Heb. 13, 6). Our heavenly citizenship, therefore, which really exists although its full enjoyment is only in prospect, must necessarily aim at bridging the fissures, created by differences of race and nationality, and prevent such distinctions from weakening our sense of kinship. Thus, the more absolute allegiance which all men owe to God, speaking through conscience or in revelation, sets real and necessary limits to the virtue and exercise of patriotism, and no State which acknowledges this higher extra-civic loyalty can be called pagan, however autocratic.

Now, as regards Hitlerism, this supra-national power is admitted. Already the German Bishops had condemned in unequivocal terms various items of the Nazi programme which are opposed to Christian teaching. That condemnation they have never withdrawn,¹ nor does the recently-signed Concordat with the Holy See, which recognizes the essential rights of the Church, in any way imply that German Catholics are committed unreservedly to the full programme of Hitlerism. Some perhaps, beguiled by resurgent nationalism, see nothing wrong in it, just as some Catholic Frenchmen belong to the "Action Française," but no true Catholic can compromise on principles. We can be sure that the great Pontiff who secured the rights of the Church under Fascism and, in that all-important particular, succeeded in shattering the theory of the Totalitarian State as applied to Italy, has achieved no less in regard to the new Hitler regime which, as originally promulgated, was, in many points, incompatible with Christian faith and morality. The Church, which, on February 11, 1929, saved Italy from Cæsarism, has done the same for Germany by the Concordat of July 22nd. By that instrument, she has forbidden the German hierarchy and clergy to take part in any political activity—a wise prohibition considering the civic ferment in Germany, and one which, as far as mere partisan politics are concerned, might well be made universal. But, by the Concordat, the educational rights of Catholics, ecclesiastical and lay, are more fully provided for and safe-guarded than under any previous regime, which would seem to imply that the dogmas of Christian morality, an essential part of education, may be freely inculcated, both negatively and positively. Nevertheless, in a State that pushes national exclusiveness to such unwarrantable degrees as does

¹ See THE MONTH, June, p. 483.

the new Reich—which has assumed complete governmental control of the Protestant sects—the lot of the members of a supra-national Church, proclaiming love of all men as a fundamental tenet, is likely to be difficult and dangerous. All Catholics, for instance, must condemn the brutal invasion of personal integrity involved in the compulsory sterilization law which the German Cabinet approved on July 25th; and the whole unfounded conception of Germany as a pure and superior race, exhibited already in an indiscriminate outlawry of “non-Aryans,” is bound to issue in a series of similar enactments, which will create a severe testing time for German Catholics.

The law of love under which we live does not preclude, but rather inspires, unceasing war against immorality and injustice of every kind. It is no part of charity to condone sin out of regard for the sinner. But criticism and condemnation must be well-informed, and our source of information, so far as principles are concerned, is, not the secularist Press which has no sound belief and no standard of morality, but the teaching Church. In the chaos of political and economic theory in which the hapless world is involved, the one clear and steady guiding light comes from Rome, and is or should be reflected in the mind of every Catholic worthy of the name. And, with those laws of moral conduct which have raised man from the brute and created all that is sound in our civilization, questioned or denied, and widely disregarded in practice, what is to redeem the world from corruption but the unbending ethical code which the Catholic Church has never ceased to proclaim? God forbid that the salt should ever lose its savour, that Christians should discard the insignia of Christ. Here, then, is matter for each one's consideration. Can I be recognized as a Catholic by my knowledge of Catholic teaching, ethical and social, and by my zeal to apply it for the benefit of my neighbour? There are plenty of philanthropists about: industrial welfare and international peace are the concern of multitudes of earnest workers; do the qualities of my service—its patience and energy, its perseverance and universality—point to a supernatural origin? Let us, in our exercise of the charity that marks us off from the unenlightened and the unregenerate, by no means neglect the corporal works of mercy, but let us remember that the practice of the spiritual works—the instructing of the ignorant, the counselling of the doubtful—may well be, in our time, a more necessary and acceptable proof of our genuine Catholicity.

JOSEPH KEATING.

CATHOLICISM IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

IT has often been remarked that in spite of the religious revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries England's poetry, which Matthew Arnold declared to be her greatest achievement, continued to draw its inspiration from Catholicism. With true insight Kenelm Digby wrote in 1831—"in England everything solid and valuable is, after all, either a remnant or a revival of Catholic thinking or institution."¹

The religious revolutionary leaders in England were not originators; they were slavishly dependent upon the Continental reformers; the new Elizabethan hierarchy, for instance, were nervously anxious for the approval of Calvin, Bullinger, and Peter Martyr before committing themselves to any confession of doctrine, any form of discipline. Of this the "Zurich Letters" are a prolonged testimony. The English Reformation was an exotic: it had no Luther, no Calvin.

In England the literary position of Protestantism was very different. As a political movement it produced convulsions hardly less violent and far-reaching than in Germany: as an intellectual movement it was from the first respectable if not eminent: but as a literary movement it was from the first, insignificant. Its memorable names are those of statesmen, divines, martyrs, rather than great writers: Tyndale and Coverdale, Cranmer and Latimer, Bale and Fox, luminaries in the annals of Protestantism, are phantoms in the history of literature:—learned expounders, or heroic defenders, of a faith which they neither originated nor by any striking originality of thought made their own. No one rivalled Luther's felicity in grafting abstract doctrine upon the native mother-wit of fable and proverb. No one uttered the wrath and ardour of English Protestantism in ringing verse like his. The fierce irony of Luther, the sly laughter of Manuel, the sombre imagination of Kirchmayer, were feebly reflected in the polemics of a revolution which

¹ "Mores Catholici," Vol. I, p. 11.

bears the deepest stamp of English character, the faintest and most fugitive of English genius.¹

We quote this testimony to the "foreignness" of the English revolt, but it may be doubted whether it really "bears the deepest stamp of English character." And it is certainly going a deal too far to call Tyndale and Cranmer "phantoms in the history of literature": there are passages, too, in Latimer's sermons which live by their clear testimony to the social and educational changes which the revolt produced for the worse. Tyndale was a master of English style, and Cranmer a consummate artist in words, and this, together with his fine horsemanship, is almost the only thing admirable about him.² In ideas he was poor indeed, but his prose is an enduring triumph, to which Mr. Belloc has paid a splendid tribute.

Luther, however, may be claimed as even greater in letters, even more important in the life of the German language, and as incomparably greater in force than the time-serving Cranmer. But it was not Protestant German literature that influenced England, where it gave only fitful inspiration and was very soon forgotten.

Already in the late Middle Ages German letters were not without influence upon England. This is sometimes found where we should hardly have expected it.

The long and spirited account of schismatics in the treatise "The Chastising of God's Children"—I have under preparation a note showing that this is in large part literally translated from a sermon of Tauler, where he is treating the continental sect of the Free Spirit. How much, therefore, the passage tells us of English conditions is doubtful, and in any case the delicately sarcastic phrases mean nothing for English style, since all are translated from the German.³

Again, commenting on the lines

When Adam delf and Eve span, spir, if thou wil spede,
Whare was than the pride of man, that now merres his mede?

Miss Allen writes: "It might at first appear that the opening

¹ C. Herford, "Studies in the Literary Relations between England and Germany in the XVIth C." (1886), p. xxiv.

² Hurrell Froude's ferocious *bon mot*—that "the only good thing about Cranmer was that he burnt well"—was merely uttered to annoy English Protestants.

³ Hope Emily Allen, "Writings ascribed to Richard Rolle" (1927), ch. ix, p. 335.

lines of this poem bear so close a resemblance to the text of John Ball's famous sermon on Blackheath that the poem must therefore belong to the period of the Peasants' Revolt. This does not, however, necessarily follow. Ball may have caught up for his text and adapted a folk-saying long current (perhaps derived from the German)," and she adds in a footnote: "It is quoted in an Edinburgh University MS. (14th—15th cent., formerly owned by the Canons Regular at Nuys) as follows:

Waer was do dey edelman
Do Adam groeff and Eva span?
(f. 324.)"¹

The English Reformation, then, contributed little to English letters. German literary influence was, indeed, not wanting, but it traversed other channels.

It was in the wide region outside, of popular jest, of satire often serious, often steeped in theological ideas, but not primarily inspired by the war of Churches, that her work left more enduring traces. "The Ship of Fools," translated in the first years of the century, helped especially to awaken the development of English satire: Rush and Ulenspiegel, translated at one of the keenest crises of the Reformation, became standing figures in English jest and legend, and the two generations which followed developed new points of contact which proved the most fruitful of all. The political triumph of Protestantism was no sooner assured than the literary tide began to ebb away with a sustained and gathering force to which a far more brilliant and vigorous literature must have succumbed. Court and University sowed the seeds of a new Humanism, still less in sympathy than the old with the religion of Luther, which most of its disciples ostentatiously professed.²

Under these conditions there could be no "return to the Egypt of Bale and Coverdale," to "the monotonous ferocity, the vague and tremulous drawing of Protestant satire." The only German influence that persisted was that of sorcerers, jesters, "fools" and "Grobians" (p. xxix). The importance and outstanding greatness of More as a master and transmitter of English prose are to-day gaining wide recognition, and

¹ *Ibid.*, ch. ix, p. 296.

² C. Herford, *op. cit.*, pp. xxv-xxvi.

twenty years ago Professor Phillimore boldly claimed that "The true main-stream of English tradition in prose was in the line of Parsons, Campion, Allen, and the translators of the Douai and Rheims Bible. These are the inheritors of More."¹ Of the Anglican leaders, several wrote copiously, but tortuous and graceless polemics can hardly be claimed as literature: Jewel, for example, is almost unreadable. Indeed, Hooker, who wrote in a very different spirit and was free from hatred, was the first to achieve literary form and permanence. His magnificent exposition of law rather than his able defence of a very bad case gives his work vitality. Born late enough to escape the charge of apostasy, he wrote at the end of the reign.

The Catholic inspiration of Shakespeare is hardly contested, save by those not open to conviction. And so with all contemporary literature that lives. The sermons, pamphlets, and doggerel verse of the professed Protestant zealots are dead beyond recall, only to be exhumed for the history of controversy. In those authors whose works are read we find either the old Catholic influences or themes common to classical and modern letters informing their work; but no trace of inspiration from Augsburg or Wittenburg, Geneva or Zurich. There is political anti-papalism, very violent in George Peele, there are occasional highly factitious references to the good fortune of England in enjoying the true religion, part and parcel of a false adulation of the Queen, a pinch of incense to the powers that then were; but surely that is all. Not a few of the writers were either Catholics or Church-papists, like Shakespeare himself; others returned to the Church; a few, like Donne or the convert Ben Jonson, were apostates and placemen. The convinced Protestant litterateurs were few indeed. Of religion other than the Catholic there was the worship of mighty England. The absence of anti-Catholic bigotry in "well-languaged Daniel" is certainly noteworthy, when we recall his sturdy defence of medieval learning and art, in the teeth of contemporary fashion. His work gives one the impression that he was not at home in his own day, that his heart dwelt in pre-Reformation times into which he had an uncommon insight; both in prose and poetry he protests against the self-glorification of the present. His fondness for the Middle Ages is no mere Chaucerian hark-back—that was common enough—but a real reverence for the

¹ *Dublin Review*, July, 1913, p. 8.

time that produced such men as St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas. The same may be said of the chronicler Stowe, who got into trouble for his suspected Catholic sympathies, while the absence of any truly Protestant note from his writings is indeed striking.

During his sojourn in the Catholic Church Ben Jonson wrote that poem, not translated from the Greek, but original, by which he is likely to be longest remembered :

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth ;
Yet, all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end, she parted hence,
With safety of her innocence ;
Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin-train.

(Epigrams, xxii.)

Through all the "Elizabethan" literary period, which began with Spenser and ended with Shirley, may be perceived the home-sickness, sometimes conscious, sometimes resisted, for the one Faith and the one worship, accompanied by a perceptible aversion from, or utter indifference to, the sham religion to which the less courageous conformed from very human but very unheroic motives. In the chosen words of Mrs. Meynell :

In later years Carew asked pardon with many cries, for the greater number of his verse, and, indeed, during these two bright centuries you may hear, if you turn your ear that way, loud lamentation of poet after dying poet, a single outcry at intervals : not a deathbed without the clamour that closed the song. It is a parting cry, so poignant and sudden that the air rings with it even while the succeeding singer is heard to be preludeing undaunted for the present. Greene had not a little to repent of in his actions, but nothing to retract in his songs.¹

In claiming that English literature was irrevocably Protestant I have always ventured to think Cardinal Newman admitted far more than the enemy can justly claim. Suppressed Catholic longings, after all, form the undernote of Elizabethan letters.

H. E. G. ROPE.

¹ "Second Person Singular," p. 3.

A ROMAN WORTHY

FATHER CARDELLA, S.J.

RECALLING my first audience with Pope Leo XIII, in January, 1882, I am led to recollect also Father Cardella of the Society of Jesus; for Father Cardella was, in those days, the Confessor of Pope Leo and, perhaps for that reason, I too used to go to confession to him, for I may have thought that what was good enough for the Pope would probably be very good for me. But I think the real reason was that my father had told me that he was not only a very wise and learned man but that he also spoke and understood English very well, an accomplishment not so very common then among Italian priests; and also that besides all this he was a very kindly man with a very fine sense of humour into the bargain. I found that he was all these things and much more. I have never, I think, met any man who combined in himself in so perfect and extraordinary a manner the qualities of wisdom and of simplicity; who was so human and yet so spiritual; who understood the world so well and yet was so near God.

I almost despair of conveying any fitting picture of the manner of man he was, but I must try, for however imperfect the likeness may be, the attempt will serve at least to show that I am not ungrateful. When I consider now the difference in our ages and the very much more enormous disparity between our intelligences, it is absurd to suppose that I can ever really have known him well, and yet he made it seem to me that we were friends, and there was never in his conversation any air of patronage, nor did he ever seem to condescend to me intellectually but always spoke as to an equal, though it is true that he often poked fun at me and on more than one occasion, with the utmost politeness, pricked my little bladders of conceit. And yet even when he did that it never hurt, or at least it left no sting, and I think that, as a boy, it was his lighter side, the way he had of presenting the truth (even when unpalatable) humorously, his capacity for talking nonsense, rather than his higher qualities, that at first most appealed to me. I have always thought that the art of talking nonsense, good nonsense, is the surest evidence

and the most certain concomitant of true wisdom. None but the very wise attain it—and I may observe that it is getting rarer every day.

Father Cardella was a little man, grey-haired and with grey eyes that held a perpetual twinkle and ran away in innumerable little crow's-feet into his temples. He had a wide, square forehead, a very kind mouth with most expressive lips and a chin that was all that a chin should be. His English was fluent, but with enough of an Italian accent to make it charming, and he had, not so much a hesitating as a sort of punctuating way of cutting up his sentences by a little click of his tongue and lips, which I am afraid I cannot reproduce on paper but which gave an added piquancy to his remarks, especially when he was (if I may use a phrase not then invented but which would certainly have pleased him) "pulling your leg."

He would let me stay and talk to him sometimes for as much as an hour after my confession (for I always went to confess to him in his room in the College of the Santo Spirito, where he was stationed in I know not what capacity) and if I came to see him at any other time he would nearly always seem to have time at his disposal to waste on me, before telling me that he had something else to do, and taking me by the shoulders and, having accompanied me to his door, gently dismissing me with a last serious or jesting word. And yet he must, I fancy, have been a very busy man and with many duties and cares to attend to, and that he should have found so much time for an English boy seems to me now when I look back on it (though it did not in my youthful arrogance occur to me then) to be a very extraordinary thing: but I have found in after life that it is always the busiest men, the really busiest, who have most time to give.

I do not suppose that his office of spiritual adviser to the wise and holy Pope Leo took up very much of his time, though I daresay they talked a good deal of wise nonsense together. I used to ask him about it, for it was a matter that naturally rather fascinated me, and he did not mind or correct me for my impudence, but let me chaff him and always gave me back better than he got, and used the occasion to inculcate a little wisdom. That is how he always did it. His lightest words carried something with them that remained in your mind. He disclaimed, I remember, the office of "spiritual adviser." "I do not advise the Holy Father," he

said, smiling, "a good priest, a good confessor does not advise his penitents, he only reminds them where to go for advice. Do I ever advise you, my boy?"

I said I thought he did—and jolly good advice too. "Oh no," he said, taking snuff and smiling at me, "I do not—I only tell you where to go. I tell you to pray. There is not anything else but prayer—not anything else at all. I send you back to God. That is all—yes?" I murmured that perhaps that was what it came to, but it was very like giving advice. "Oh well, if you like, then, I do advise that much. It is the same with his Holiness. But then you see he knows that already. Do not you, eh? I tell him what to do, yes, just like I tell you. To make a novena, to say prayers or his Mass for a particular intention; and he always does it. Do not you? He is a very good penitent. He is not troublesome at all. I mean about spiritual things. As to the others that is quite another thing." "Oh!" I said, all alert and curious, "you do advise him about other things then?" Father Cardella took another pinch of snuff and looked at me with his head a little on one side. "Oh yes," he said, "often—and he never takes my advice—never at all. I advise him about his health, and for all the good it is I might as well advise the dome of San Pietro. He will never eat enough—and he drinks hardly anything. He should take more food—and wine." He shook his head sadly, but his eyes twinkled. "He does not take my advice. He is a very obstinate old man—for all he is a Saint!" Thus would Father Cardella parry my impertinences.

It must, I think, have been after one of these indiscretions of mine that he administered to my youth and my English insularity a little lesson so adroitly put and so disarmingly complete that I have never forgotten it.

We were talking, or I was, about English literature. I think I have said that it was the thing in life that then (and, for the matter of that, ever since) most interested me and about which, when I left school, I thought I knew quite a lot. I was holding forth about our English poets and our English language and glorifying them. There was no poetry in the world, I said, hardly even the Greek, so great, so beautiful as ours. Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats—I reeled off their names in patriotic enthusiasm. The English language, I said, was the best, at any rate of all modern languages, as a vehicle for really great, really beautiful

poetry. The Italian, I was kind enough to say, came next, no doubt—and so forth. I spare you now if I did not spare Father Cardella then.

He listened to me, smiling, his head a little on one side. I should have been warned—but I went on to my destruction, for presently he said: "Yes, my dear boy, you are quite right. I know your poets a little and what you say is true. And for the language you hardly say enough. It is not only for Poetry that it is a wonderful language. It has a range, a vocabulary! There are words in English that cannot be translated into any other—typical English words that the Latin nations, we in Italy or the others in Spain or in France cannot exactly translate, for which we have no exact equivalent."

I was pleased. "Yes—I expect there are," I said. "I cannot think of any myself at the moment, but I've no doubt there must be."

"Yes, yes. Shall I tell you three words that I can think of?" "Yes, please do, Father," I said eagerly, rushing upon my fate. He took a pinch of snuff, and then ticking off on his fingers—"Comfort. Respectability. Independence. There is no word in any modern language that will translate, will exactly express, any one of these three so typical English words. Is it not so?"

I thought a moment. "No," I said, "now you point it out I don't think there is." "And they are very typical of the English people—is it not so?"

He was looking at me so like a cat with a mouse that I began to scent danger. "Ye-es," I said, "they are. And they are very good words, too," I said more bravely, and I repeated them: "Comfort. Respectability. Independence. Jolly good words."

"Ah!" said Father Cardella, bending forward a little. "You cannot put them into Spanish or French or Italian—no. But in Latin—perhaps. Something like them. Not quite the same—no, but something like. Shall I tell you?" "Please, Father," I said. He touched with the forefinger of his right hand the forefinger of his left. "Comfort—*Concupiscentia carnis*, the concupiscence of the flesh!" He went on to the middle finger. "Respectability—*Concupiscentia oculorum*, the concupiscence of the eyes!" He touched the third finger. "Independence—*Superbia vitae*, the pride of life!" He leaned back and took a long pinch of snuff, his eyes twinkling like the devil—"The Three Deadly Sins!" he concluded.

I felt as I have felt in a small open sailing-boat, suddenly taken aback in a gust of wind and flung broadside on in a heavy sea. What I wanted to say was, "You beast," as I blushed with mortification. What I did get out was, I think, "Jolly good score, Father, but—but I don't think it is quite fair."

He got up at once, he saw he had hurt me, and came and put his hand on my shoulder—"No, no, my boy," he said, "it wasn't quite fair—I am sorry—I did not mean to hurt you—and it isn't quite true either."

"I'm afraid it is, Father," I said ruefully, for I was nearly crying.

"No, no," he said, "but there is enough truth in it to have hurt you, and I should not have done that. And I do not mean that the English are like that. What did your Edmund Burke say—'You cannot indict a whole nation'? Come now—you must forgive me. I did not think you would take it so to heart or I would not have said it."

His concern and his kindness almost upset me more than his wound to my English pride had done, but when we were quiet again and I had gulped back my emotions, he rounded off the lesson he had given me so that it left no hurt behind it. He went on talking about the English nation and the English character, praising them wisely and understandingly but showing me at the same time that they were not the only people on earth. It is a lesson that no English boy can learn too early, and I am quite sure it was good for me and I could not have learned it at kinder hands. "It is right," he said (among many other sensible things), "that every boy, every man, should think his own nation the greatest and love his own people the best. I should think the less of him if he did not. But he should try to understand and to see the good in others too. And it is very true that the people of every nation, English, Italian, French, which you will, often misunderstand themselves and take credit for possessing virtues which are quite different from those which they really do possess."

He gave many instances—some of which will no doubt occur to those who read this and which it would take too long to repeat here. And I remember he concluded: "And just as it is good for every man to examine his own conscience very often, so, I think, it would be good if every nation could sometimes examine its corporate, its collective conscience; for if it did they would all know that, as your proverb says, they

live in glass houses and they would not throw so many stones. There would never, I think, be any more wars."

I wish I could tell you all the other memories I have of this good priest. Of how, on my second visit to Rome, he obtained me another audience of the Pope, and an audience also of the "black Pope"—the General of the Jesuits, and of how his simplest letter of introduction seemed to open all doors and give me precedence and consideration over persons of much greater consequence than I—not merely laymen, but prelates and bishops whether *in partibus infidelium* or even real bishops from their actual dioceses waiting an audience. So extraordinary was this to me that I told him that I was beginning to believe the stories about the secret power of the Jesuits and that the Pope and the Vatican were afraid of him. I remember how he accepted my impertinence and capped it. "Ah!" he said, taking me by the button of my coat, "you have read the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne? Yes?', and then bending and whispering in my ear, "How do you know I am not Aramis come to life again?"

But I have no more space here and if I talk more about him it must be at another time. Now I must say Good-bye to him—but I shall never forget him nor ever cease to be grateful, for I owe to him and to two others, Father John Gerard, S.J., and my own father, whatever of good or of knowledge there may be in me. Far more truthfully might it be said of Father Cardella than it was said of a famous personage—"To know him was a liberal education."

WILLIAM BLISS.

Hostess of Our Host

HOSTESS, who once within your lovely home
Did entertain the God of you and me,
And did not then refuse to give Him room,
What was your fee?

What high reward did such rare service reap,
When He thy shelter did no longer need,
What guerdon for solicitude so deep—
Ah! what indeed,

But to receive Him when He left the Cross,
And, taking His poor Body on your knee,
Arrange His later dwelling? For your loss,
What better fee!

O. BRIAN O'NEIL.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

HOW TO CURE BOLSHEVISM.

NO one can think rightly about Russia who does not accept the Christian revelation in its fullness and recognize God's purpose in creation. By that standard alone can what is called the Soviet experiment be justly appraised. Accordingly, if that standard is ignored or misconceived, the resulting judgment will be proportionately wrong. This being premised, we may fairly assert that there is much foolish talk and writing about Russia, even amongst those who have, theoretically at least, the proper standard of judgment. Bolshevism assails earthly interests as well as heavenly, and the terror and hatred which it causes may be motivated merely by concern for worldly welfare. On the one side, there is the Pink Pose of Professors and littérateurs who delight more in the freedom than in the accuracy of thought, for Communism, provided it be sufficiently elastic where the personal element is concerned, need not, in many of the intellectual professions, be by any means a bad investment. Then, there is the young Marxist who has never read Marx, a sort of successor to the family Evangelist (fairly common in the lower middle classes), who usually, however, knew his Bible!

On the other hand, one need not be a great cynic to perceive that the Bolshevik Bogey has, in some quarters, been uplifted for reprobation by the British public, not that we may be warned (as our Holy Father Pope Pius XI, has duly and unsensationally warned us) against an enemy of Christian civilization, but because it is a hydra, as it were, of multicapitate convenience to the Capitalist Press and public. The British Press is not, on the whole, very interested either in Christianity or civilization: but it has a virtuous duty to perform in the stimulation and defence of "pocket-consciousness." Excessive Muscophobia succeeds Fabian Socialism, not just as side-tracking the anti-Capitalist protest, but whelming the whole movement against the "Haves." The word "Bolshevism" alone is a store of infinite usefulness to scare-monger and scoopsman; it is pregnant with sinister meaning. The mere sound of "Bolshi" conjures up visions of whiskers and knouts and top-boots, bombs and plots and prisons, which the corresponding "Menshi" would have been powerless to evoke.

However, it is with the reaction of an increasing section of the masses to traditional Capitalism that we have reason to be seriously concerned, showing itself in anarchical Bolshevism, "Com-

munism" if you will, as the only perceptible alternative to the system that has so oppressed the poor, yet, even so, evoking much less resentment than one might expect from the landless and hopeless. About this it were madness to be frivolous.

It is the truth, and the true perspective above all, that we want. That is why, with certain reservations, we are grateful to M. Berdiaeff, a member of Russian Orthodoxy, for helping us. In the "*Problème du Communisme*" (elsewhere briefly noticed in this issue, being the 8th volume of that excellent series "*Questions disputées*" published under the direction of Messieurs Charles Journet and Jacques Maritain)—a book which comes as a welcome addition to the really Christian criticism of the Revolution, exemplified so admirably last year in Walter Gurian's "*Bolshevism: its Theory and Practice*"—M. Berdiaeff examines, in what one might call the criteriological spirit, the essence and genesis of Russian Communism in the light of Christianity. He does not see in Communism unmixed evil: and that part of it which he considers good he calls an asceticism without grace, although it was an asceticism more common amongst the early Nihilists than amongst their successors. For the militant atheism of the Soviet is not the compassionate, humanitarian atheism of Bakounin. Nevertheless, Bolshevism is a standing denunciation of the neglect and apathy of Christians. For, obviously, if man had been universally faithful to the principles with which the revolution, known as Christianity, started, and which overthrew the Powers of Evil, and the materialist values and false privileges they inspired, the Triumph of the Cross would have been assured and we should have escaped the revolution that expresses itself in the repudiation of God.

It is, of course, perfectly true to insist that the psychological basis of Bolshevism is in type religious. It is even true to suspect a current of mysticism—and quite a strong current—running through every-day life in the U.S.S.R. Because an entirely materialist corporation is of its nature moribund; and the Statesmen of the U.S.S.R., for all their materialism, have no intention of letting the Union collapse for the want of a little teleological philosophication. The Dialectic (a sort of scholasticism for the atheist schoolmen) is indeed called Materialist and is bereft even of the idealism of Hegel. But whereas the philosopher-disciples of Lenin reduce the whole of history, and all that is in heaven and earth, to simple recurrent "change," they nevertheless invest that change with a mystical nature. For the fashionable philosophers of the Soviet admit the spontaneity of movement. The determinist is scouted, and mobility is derived from the "internal contradiction in things"; liberty is inherent in matter.

One may even, in one's search along M. Berdiaeff's lines for Bolshevik idealism, admit a certain devotedness to an ideal in the Soviet's brutal treatment of the *Kulaks* (the "hard-fisted" country-

men, a term applied nowadays in Russia to any moderately prosperous peasant). For, at a time when Bolshevik administration was desperately anxious for foreign credit, which it could hardly find without the transport of grain, the Bolsheviks were carefully annihilating first the people who could comfortably produce a surplus! There is, too (everyone who has visited the U.S.S.R. will agree), a sectarian fanaticism about the way Stalin, as it were, brings up his young, in seclusion from any ideas but papa's, and fed exclusively on the somewhat one-sided diet offered by the Soviet Press.

The reservation on which we must insist, in viewing Russia thus, is simply this, that the economy of Russia, regarded simply as a political convention, is essentially non-Communist. To survive, any communist system must necessarily have an ideal beyond, if not above itself, instead of one limited by the attainable. It must in some way be concerned with the final issue and effect of Redemption in human history. That is to say, it must be inspired by Last Things. Such was the communism of the early Christians at Jerusalem (Acts iv, 41—47). Such, in varying degrees, the communism throughout the centuries of the religious orders and congregations of the Catholic Church—a voluntary communism, founded on detachment from the material and transient, the more surely to grasp the spiritual and eternal.

The U.S.S.R. is deliberately earth-bound and repudiates free choice. It is a forcibly centralized industrial autocracy. But in so far as it is more than this (and we agree with M. Berdiaeff that its psychological foundation and support is more than this) its communism is unconsciously pregnant with eschatological theory. For though it would resentfully repudiate "monkish" interest in Death, Resurrection, Immortality, the End of the World, the Last Judgment, it does not lack, on the subjective side, the equivalent of these things. It scoffs, indeed, at the Christian story of the Fall but retains Original Sin, as shown in the all-pervading crime of exploitation. Submissively it bows its head at the death of the individual, but raises it rejoicing at the resurrection of the mob. Listen to Bakounin, the progenitor, ironically enough, of what, less than a century later, would be called Marxist psychology, in an embittered attack upon Engels and Marx:

The Flower of the proletariat . . . is none other than the great masses, the uncivilized, disinherited, wretched, unlettered Millions. . . The Flower of the proletariat . . . is that great *Canaille* as yet practically untouched by bourgeois civilization which bears in its soul, in its passions and instincts, all the seeds of the Socialism of the Future.

Bolshevism also preaches Immortality, though its doctrine be ever sociocentric, though it be but the destiny of the purified, incorruptible body of Bakounin's "great canaille." It expects a

Ragnarök, the End of the World of Tradition, the Last Judgment upon Privilege, the Millennium of the Proletariat.

Is Bolshevik ideology entirely without the idea of Atonement and Sacrifice? Is it no more than a pious exaggeration to say that Bolshevism has preached Baptismal Regeneration and practised a Baptism of Blood? Though we may be unable to express the Russian problem wholly in terms of M. Berdiaeff's "Messiah," there is, in Russia's missionary aspirations, a sort of perverted hunger for the spread of truth. Finally, while not exaggerating, it is well to note the place of Jews in the Soviet Revolution, remembering how, all over the world, as their hope of a Messiah grows dim, a despair that will not admit defeat turns to an impersonal Messiah in the triumph of atheistic Communism.

As we said to start with, a Christian alone can thoroughly understand the Russian denial of creaturehood, with all its inevitable misery for the creature. And only a well-instructed and sincere Christian can perceive how, in the fatuous endeavour of the Soviets to escape the limitations of creaturehood, they are forced, themselves, to create a substitute for God, an ideal of good which demands the services and sacrifice of the individual. Bolshevism is a parody of Christianity. It is for Christians to show how grievously the reality has been distorted in the imitation. Alas! that it should be said, and with truth, that the Christianity of so many is also a parody of the real thing, that in spite of the Divine Teacher's warning, multitudes try to serve God and Mammon. In condemning Bolshevism as essentially diabolism, the worship of false gods, let us condemn as well our own unworthy practice. The Catholic Faith is honest and objective. Truth is the touchstone of Catholicism, and honesty (which is correspondence with the known truth) is an obligation imposed upon the faithful. Only the Saints wholly correspond in their lives with the apprehension of truth, but the degree to which we do and the degree to which we sincerely acknowledge failure is the degree of our nearness to the heart of God, and the measure of our power to help the fallen world.

Although M. Berdiaeff's apophthegm that Russian Communism is a reminder to Christianity that "Christian truth is not yet realized in the social world," is not the whole truth, yet the sooner we realize how much truth it contains, the better will be the chance of saving Christian civilization. Not by the breakdown of its material structure, but rather by the collapse of its substitute for morality, will Bolshevism fail, and its failure, open and palpable, will be the opportunity for the Christian message. But it must be delivered in the spirit of the Publican, not in that of the Pharisee.

J. F. T. PRINCE.

FATHER LÉONCE DE GRANDMAISON S.J.

OUR delay in speaking of this great man is forgivable, in the sense in which it may be forgivable to defer Confirmation for a while after Baptism; a man may have his flamboyant obituary notices, and then be forgotten: a delayed "notice" may revive and even perpetuate his memory.

He was born on December 31, 1858, and died June 15, 1927. I dare not say that I knew him "well," in the sense that prolonged intimate face-to-face association makes you know a man well; but I met him fairly often, corresponded much with him, and he carried me through my ordination (when I was very ill) as it were in his arms. Thus I have some right to say what I shall say about him.

He belonged to one of those ancient territorial families of France which are historically and socially more important than heraldically gilded ones, though I think his pedigree went back pretty far. Happily, his forebears had mated with that bourgeois stock which, if only because the Soviets and our raw English echoers of the word sneer at it, is sure to be supremely valuable. You find in it stability, sincerity, trustworthiness, and initiative.

A "country-house" man, a mighty hunter, a bit of a poet, a terrible young critic, he entered the Society of Jesus and at once found himself involved in the Parisian persecutions it endured. He made his novitiate at Slough, in Buckinghamshire, and never, after that, ceased to love, and, what is more, to understand "England," a remarkable feat. For plenty of Frenchmen, Italians, even Spaniards, are "Anglophiles," and wear clothes and use slang, such as to make the blood of any Englishman turn into cream-cheese within his veins, so little intelligence goes with this affection.

From his novitiate upwards, his notes (you must read the only adequate "life" of him, by Father J. Le Breton: Beauchesne, Paris, 1932) make it clear that he had but one dominant idea and inspiration throughout his years—Jesus Christ. He was to find that he could serve Him in many ways—but the objective of his life was always Himself. Not an abstract philosophical "God": not a semi-political, semi-social institution, the Church: but, Jesus Christ, true, unique, guaranteed representative of God: and the Church, nothing less than the continuation of Jesus Christ for ever upon earth—His living Body: His maturity. . .

It can safely be said that he was never once unfaithful to this early vision. In fact, in 1899, he divided the great work he hoped to do, in these terms: "Jesus prepared for: Jesus on earth: Jesus continued in the Church—Bless this, Lord Jesus." This concrete visualization of Christ required a firm philosophical basis: he came to feel that he had not received this adequately: he strove to

make up for it : in the end, no one could possibly quarrel with him for "not knowing" philosophy or theology.

Yet, as his priesthood approached, you find him dragged two ways—by his realization of what the ordinary man wanted ; and by his perception of what intellectual men wanted. Many a "career," I expect, has, in our days, been apparently stultified by a man's not knowing in which direction to go—apostolate, or erudition. Father de Grandmaison ended by making a happy amalgam. He knew that the average man does not speculate, and is intolerant of the abstract. He observed that his contemporaries were interested in psychology (in the modern sense—what a man actually experiences and "feels"), and in history, that is, in what has actually happened, and (if a man be, after all, something of a philosopher), in reasons : *why*. Causes, anyhow ; Ultimate Causes, if possible. He began, therefore, to prepare his work on the History of Dogmas, an occupation singularly apt, since just then (roughly 1900) there was a spate of non-Catholic publications on this subject, and a very thin, yet increasing, Catholic stream carrying the topic forward. He considered, not only : "What do we teach Now?" , but, "What have we taught, and Why?" But the more he concentrated on what was *in any sense* ephemeral and in danger of being an affair of fashion, the more he sought to rivet himself to "fundamental theology," knowing well that one may acquire any amount of facts, and yet be unable to interpret them.

He was, then, ordained, 1898, and proceeded to his "tertianship," during which he examined and established what his religious life really was—*his* life—for he never dreamed that *his* vocation, his participation in the universal Life of Christ and of the Catholic Church, would be just general and vague. *Gratia sequitur Naturam* : Grace builds upon Nature. Not in defiance of Nature, not in spite of it, but according to it and through it, is a man to do his work. This is not the sort of notice in which I ought to insist on Father de Grandmaison's renunciations. This would be a very difficult subject to discuss. Still, it is certain that, until a man has had the courage to renounce—*i.e.*, not to condemn, but to be willing not to use, should God not wish him to—his talents, artistic preferences, and so forth, even his educated intellectual acquisitions, he is not an apt instrument for the wholly unselfish, God-controlled, work that he is meant to do. Father de Grandmaison made this renunciation, especially during his Tertianship, and so became able to do the very great work that God intended to do through him.

Not as a free-lance, but entirely with the approval of his Father General, he flung himself into contemporary controversies, which hardly concern us now, so out of date do names like Blondel, Le Querdec, Sabatier, and even Loisy, seem. Whatever concerned contemporaries—the first-class of them—concerned him. But he,

alas, is no more our contemporary. Yet, at one extreme, he was at home amongst the protagonists of that mysticism—true or false (theosophism included) which so disturbs us still: he was able to consort with Catholic and other *littérateurs*, among whom Brunetière (of whom, in my youth, I was constantly hearing, and of whom, I fear, we out here now know nothing) was so important: but above all, he was able, not forgetting the aid and companionship of that *petit caporal*, Father Bouvier, to revolutionize (I use the word deliberately, and do not forget the great Austrian, Father Schmidt, and many another) the Catholic attitude towards the History of Religions and what is meant by the Science of Comparative Religion. (Ozanam, not to insist on de Broglie, had preceded him: but their names will be otherwise remembered.)

I would ask that it be acknowledged that Father de Grandmaison, in the work that he did, including spiritual retreats given to all sorts of people, but not least to young men, and, among these, to lads of very submerged classes, or again, to the most elegant of literary and philosophical gentlemen, and to men of real historical, scientific and religious knowledge, has been one of the forces of our epoch. Paris lost in him one of her *major* literary and cultural constituents; so did France; so, I consider, did Europe.

Of his spiritual life, it were desecration, as I have implied, to estimate it within these limits. In a word—he abdicated everything, and threw away nothing. All God's gifts are divinely precious, but not one of them is God. He therefore threw away neither his familyhood (to be a "gentleman" has little to do with pedigree and nothing with titles), nor his artistry, nor his power of sympathy, nor the products of his versatility, nor even (but why "even"?) his natural affections. Christ *liked* St. John to be next to Him. . . . Hence his death was that of a complete Man who knew that his perfection, and perfecting, were from God. His book, "Jesus Christ," pleases most—if it does not please all, that is, I think, because they cannot read *him* between *its* lines. There again, he abdicates. He does not want that it should be *he* who "appears": he felt himself, at best, the shining cloud. Let me disappear; and let there be left—Jesus Only.

C. C. M.

EDITORIAL NOTE

To secure their return if not accepted, contributions submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research; nor should they ordinarily exceed 3,200 words (between 8 and 9 pages). As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved for the staff.

LOVE DIVINE.

THESE is only one word that is greater in immediate and extended significance than "love," and that word is God—and God is Love! In Divine Love originated the entire universe, in all its unthinkable extent and ponderosity and its mighty complexity of forces and mechanism, and on that love it is supported; on a tiny speck in it man, made through love in the image and likeness of his Creator, resides. These, for mankind, are the supreme and stupendous facts which revelation has disclosed, and which alone reason, as understood by the Doctors of the Church, can accept as a true and final explanation of creation. No other explanation which science and modern ephemeral philosophies may venture to put forward can stand the test of true reason, or properly organized common sense, or basic human intelligence, whatever may be the term to describe the limited faculty of mind in man.

Creation was the first objective demonstration to our race of Divine Love. The second, following "man's first disobedience" through the misuse of the heavenly gift of free will, was revealed in the stupendous fact of the Incarnation of God's Co-Equal and Co-Eternal Son, whose wonderful Birth, and Life and Death made, and continues to make through the Mystical Body of Christ, myriad-fold reparation for the primeval crime and its ever persisting brood of evil. In that Mystical Body, man as brother of Christ (the highest ideal the human mind is capable of) has more than recovered his lost spiritual status, for he is co-operating to an unlimited extent—by the aid of grace even to the extent (wonderful thought!) of sharing, through cheerfully-accepted pain and sorrow, the terrible Good Friday penalty of his own Redemption—in the working of the Divine Will, in the action of Heavenly Love.

So divine and human love are joined. The power of that wonderful combination has been described for the non-mystical reader by a non-Catholic, whose mind, however, had been closely in touch with medieval (that is Catholic) things:

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Contrast that somewhat pedestrian movement with the high and glorious swoop of the eagle of Catholic genius which describes the "unperturbèd pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy" of the Divine Lover and His pursuit of a timid and wayward soul, "little worthy of any love," that finally comes to rest clasping His

hand "outstretched caressingly" and discovers there, through His words, its own unwitting love:

Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

The combination, too, provides that inexhaustible source of power, the Communion of Saints—a power that overcomes death itself. The mechanism of that power may be described by an adaptation of an extract from the pious writings of an old author: It operates through prayer the two arms of God, justice and mercy, which embrace, uphold and govern the whole world. They are the two engines of the great Archimedes, which make heaven descend on earth and earth mount to heaven. It is the bass and treble string of this great lute of heaven, which makes all the harmonies and tunable symphonies of this universe.

And human love alone? There is no true human love that is not a branch of the Divine stem—love of the Faith (obviously), love of man and woman, of parent and child, of home, of neighbour, of country. A Catholic poet, just three hundred years ago, wrote:

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice
By which our marriage grew divine.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensual idol of our clay,
For though the sun do set and rise
We joy one everlasting day.

A poet who was also a priest, half a century before that, wrote of noble love:

It is the counterpoise that minds
To fair and virtuous things inclines;
It is the gust we have and sense
Of every noble excellence;
It is the pulse by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no;
And such a soft and gentle fire
As kindles and inflames desire;
Until it all like incense burns
And unto melting sweetness turns.

Of the strength of this synthesis of divine and human elements, a predecessor of the priest three centuries before, when civi-

lization was shaking itself free of the final clutch of barbarism, sang:

Love is stalworth as the death,
 Love is hard as hell. . .
 Love is a light burden, love
 Gladdeth young and old;
 Love is without pine,
 As lovers have me told;
 Love is a ghostly wine,
 That makes men big and bold;
 Of love shall he nothing lose
 That it in heart will hold.

A priest of our own time has told us whence comes that ghostly wine:

For us by Calvary's distress
 The wine was rackèd from the press;
 Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
 Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

And a contemporary, one also honoured by the sacred office, who, in excess of humility and of dread of human weakness, approached with his fears Him who lonely had trodden the wine-press, heard in the depths of his soul:

Son, turn a moment, see
 Is that blood thine?
 Who is it shares thy yoke with thee,
 Treads foot by foot with thee the road?
 Whose shoulder bears the heavier load,—
 Is it not Mine?

To-day one clearly sees the practical effects of this sacred human love alone in the work, past and present, of the Catholic Church. One sees disintegrating into ruin a wonderful civilization, which, at enormous cost in life and labour, was rescued from barbarian hands, and restored on renewed and solid foundations, further built up, buttressed and enriched by and through the Church. The first agent of destruction was the so-called Reformation, lusting for freedom from the authority which declared and sanctioned the moral law, for liberty, in effect, to "sin boldly," for power uncontrolled and for wealth unlimited, and drunk with the pride of a supposed New Learning, for which it was indebted to the Saints, Fathers and Doctors of the Church which had stored and preserved the treasures of antiquity. The noblest material evidence of the power of that sacred human love, the great cathedrals, or such as have been spared by the wrecker and iconoclast, is still an objective reality. The fact

that they have been stolen from the rightful owner provides, in a sense agreeable to dramatic justice, a resurgent impetus to that love, which is further reinforced by the sight of the still magnificent ruins of the others, which were the equals, in loving significance at least, of Chartres and Rheims. The cathedrals together make an eighth wonder of the world—and far and away the greatest. There is other material evidence of this power in the art galleries, museums and libraries of the two hemispheres—priceless treasures, produced under the direct inspiration of love. Non-material evidence too continues to exist, frayed and soiled no doubt where the State has usurped the functions of the Church—the justice and charity which are still the cement of civilization. There is music too—exposed, like things spiritual, to degradation. Science also, mothered by the Church, has come over hastily to break the bond of love, and to ally itself with her enemies. She remains, however, the only power on earth capable of saving the civilization she founded. She has a guarantee from the lips of Divine Love; and at this moment her indefeasible confidence in it is boldly proclaimed to the world by the mighty project of the Liverpool Cathedral, and as boldly but of more direct appeal to mind and heart, the twin seat of love in man, by the wonderful series of Encyclicals of the Holy Father—the new *vade mecum* of the active forces of Catholicism.

There remain (to press home the moral more directly) solitary human love, separated from the Divine source, and the profane love that goes with the modern paganism. What of these? As to the first, an Irish poet answers in his tragic confession:

He fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

And again in the shuddering reflection:

They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;

But he made safe exit, for, hidden in the deep recesses of his tortured soul lay the synonymous representation of the essential love, charity: "He too had tears for all souls in trouble, here and in hell." As to profane love, its fruit is the deadly pessimism that soils the fair face of literature, ancient and modern; its records stand in the history of wrecked civilizations, and flow unceasingly from the law courts into the crowded columns of the daily Press.

CHARLES VALLELEY.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

THE IDEAL OF DEMOCRACY

It is one of the curiosities of our time that democracy should have suffered such severe and sudden defeats. No doubt democracy has itself been to blame. It has taken for granted that anyone could be a member of a democracy, which was true. But also it has taken it for granted that anyone could be a good member of a democracy, which is not true. The democratic ideal is the hardest of all political ideals to carry through to success. It supposes that the majority will be wise, and that cannot be taken for granted. That a majority shall be wise can only be achieved by careful and deliberate means, by well-planned education, by gradual apprenticeship to political science, by restrained moral doctrine, by the inspiration of noble ideals. Now the last thing thought of was a deliberately-planned democracy. Votes had to be given at once to all. The people was told that it was the arbiter of its own destinies. Conscience was to be free and unfettered. Education was the business not of moralists, but of teachers. Doctrine was to be banned from the schools.—THE EDITOR in *Blackfriars*, August, 1933.

PHILOSOPHY'S PRODIGALS

It has been said that Philosophy is a mother who is constantly being bereaved of her children. Certainly if one looks into some old manual of (non-Catholic) Moral Philosophy one finds that it contains sciences which are now popularly considered to be quite independent. Thus Physics, Biology and Psychology have, one after another, left home and set up on their own account. Nor is this all, for they have each of them also been exploited by the Agnostic to serve his ends, and to supply him with fresh arguments. So these sciences have not only left home, but, at one time or another, gone on the stage; for it is just as if each of them in turn had become "principal boy" in the season's pantomime, singing topical songs, with allusions against the Government. At present Psychology is on the boards, with lyrics by Jung and Freud.—THE REV. A. G. HERRING, D.D., in *The Clergy Review*, August, 1933.

SOUND POPULAR EDUCATION

An educational system is sound in so far as it helps to give meaning to the life and work of the people whom it serves, and to fit them for that life and work. This thought reminds us of the beginning and end of true education—the development of

religion and moral character. It would be worse than useless to teach young people the nature and properties of the material things and forces around them, if we failed to teach them to know and conform to the purpose that these things and forces subserve. For it is that purpose which gives meaning to human life, and it is the sense of that purpose which most effectively inspires men to live nobly, and to be truthful, just and kindly in their dealings with each other. In the last analysis, it is not force or fear or the sense of common material interests that binds men in society; it is the knowledge that they are brothers, children of one Father, fellow-subjects bound by the same law and destined to the same end. The constant teaching of these truths by word and example in the school, as in the home and in the church, is the surest means of promoting friendship, justice, and goodwill among the nations of the world.—PRESIDENT DE VALERA at the World Education Conference: reported in *The Tablet*, August 12, 1933.

THE GERMAN CONCORDAT

Undeniably also, the eagerness of the German Government to become a partner to the present Concordat must be ascribed in a very large measure to the personal wishes of Chancellor Hitler. The man's career is not to be understood unless one sees, in spite of difficulties and positive dislikes, that the central point in his psychology is his antagonism to one kind of internationalism and his reverence for another kind of internationalism. He personally is not a German "nationalist," but a German anti-nationalist in a given sense. Many of his followers seem of course to be motivated by different points of view, especially those who seek to substitute a religion of Wotan and other primitive German gods for Christianity. One may be certain that, however other countries may choose to think of Hitler, it would be well to admit that the Concordat is sufficient evidence to prove that his views are not in accordance with any such "Teuton creed." That creed will, however, not die out in a moment. The Church may yet find in it a difficult antagonist. And there are other problems. Perhaps the twentieth may prove to be the most convulsive of all the centuries. It is well to remember what restraint has been laid upon the gates of hell.—THE EDITOR in *The Commonweal*, August 11, 1933.

THE BLINDNESS OF CAPITALISM

What we may congratulate ourselves upon is the fact that the question of wages is beginning to be understood by employers. The excesses of capitalism, practically unchecked for three-quarters of a century, succeeded in making the commodity-theory of labour

almost respectable. Men went into the market to buy labour, just as they might buy pig-iron or a stamping-machine, and attempts to "beat down" the price of labour were as much a step in the normal economic process as the attempt to secure lower prices on the machine. The manufacturer of the machine might be able to defend himself, but the worker was usually at the mercy of the employer, especially when, as was commonly the case, the market value of his services was fixed by an understanding between the employers. Capital, as stupid as ever, never seemed to understand that the creation of a class without financial resources ultimately implied the creation of a class of non-consumers; as well as ruin for themselves, if the scheme were carried to a logical conclusion. What capital considered was the immediate profit, with little reference to the harm that might result, not only to the legitimate forms of capitalism, but to the social and economic structure of the State itself.—THE EDITOR in *America*, August 5, 1933.

THE FAILURE OF LIBERAL THEORY

What purpose has a State except to make it possible for its members to attain their fulfilment? In the happiness and perfection of its individual members, which consists in the unfettered realization of their native capacities, a society achieves its own. To this extent the "liberal" society is founded on a great truth—Liberalism's permanent contribution to human thought and order. But here unfortunately its truth ceases. Liberalism knows no systematic and rational order of values, possesses no definite philosophy. Absorbed in asserting the subjective condition of individual self-fulfilment, recognition of man's individual right, it forgot the objective values which alone could render that fulfilment possible. Freedom, yes, but for what? Individual right, but to what? These questions received little attention. Given the subjective conditions of self-fulfilment—the objective conditions, it was thought, could look after themselves. For, as we have pointed out above, Liberalism has no view of the meaning of the universe, or of human nature and destiny, to bind individuals together and constitute the basis of an organic society. Liberal society, therefore, fell a victim to the dominant nineteenth century misvaluations and denials. Economics, essentially instrumental in value, if not, as, by Communism, declared to be man's supreme activity, were in practice elevated to that position, given precedence over moral, social, artistic and even, lip-service apart, religious values. And because the older European societies unduly restricted individual right, the fact that society is an organism was, as we have seen, forgotten.—E. I. WATKIN in *The Glasgow Observer*, August 19, 1933.

REVIEWS

I—MODERN HANDBOOKS ON RELIGION¹

IN a former number of *THE MONTH* we had occasion to notice the first three of this series of Modern Handbooks on Religion, by Dr. A. C. Bouquet. In those earlier volumes we could not help noticing the somewhat Lucretian mind of the author; that delight in movement and change, and that impatience with static truth, which, one may say, guide him in all his outlook. When we come to the later volumes before us, these two tendencies are given their fullest play; so much so that at times we wonder whether Dr. Bouquet would have us take him seriously, or is merely juggling with numbers and ideas. Jeans has provided him with a mathematical conception of the universe, Einstein has given him the mysteries of relativity, Huxley has added evolution; with these three he plays, not realizing, as it seems to us, that all three are outside the scope of revealed religion. It is the old fallacy renewed; the confusion of the infinite with the indefinite, of the *ens a se* with the *ens ab alio*, of faith with the inductions of experience.

Of the first of the two volumes before us we do not propose to say more; apart from the author's mentality, which is clear enough, the multitude of subjects touched upon leaves us bewildered. In the second volume we follow him on a more definite line; indeed, having by this time learnt his mind and his method, we can almost guess beforehand what he will say. Briefly, Dr. Bouquet clings to the supernatural, and to the divinity of Christ; but he is overwhelmed by the conclusions of modern science and research, and does not know how he shall reply. So, the history of the Chosen People must be rewritten; the relation of Jesus to God the Father, and to mankind, must be re-interpreted; even the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity must be explained in terms of human experience of God. In other words, science has ousted revelation, and we are left to rebuild our faith, religion, with human material as best we may. Obviously this can lead to nothing final; we can affirm nothing very definitely; here, as in the former volumes, Dr. Bouquet's religious belief is that of constant change, of constant readjustment. He claims to interpret Anglican Modernism; as an Anglican he would defend Christ and Christianity, as a Modernist he cuts Christianity from its moorings. As an Anglican he defends the supernatural, and miracle

¹ (1) IV. *The World We Live in. A Modern Equivalent of the Book of Genesis*. Pp. 111. Price, 2s. 6d. (2) VI. *Jesus. A New Outline and Estimate*. Pp. iv, 284. Price, 6s. Both by A. C. Bouquet, D.D. London: Heffer.

as being in the order of the supernatural; as a Modernist, or as a modern philosopher, he must, nevertheless, treat of Jesus in the order of manhood, and explain His life, His death, His revelation, according to the limits of that order and no more.

Such an attitude must leave him frankly Agnostic. He supposes, he presumes, he looks for further evidence, but he has extinguished for himself the light of faith, and hence he cannot be sure. The past has given him nothing final, and he does not expect that the future will.

Towards the end of this volume, when discussing the Future of Religion and "Reunion" with Rome, Dr. Bouquet sees hope for a change in the latter's attitude. He thinks that even Rome may modify her teaching, and sees signs in "the literary works of Benedictines and Jesuits during the last ten years, the present most important Liturgical Movement, and the writings of Gilson, Maritain, Dawson, etc." (p. 259, n.). Of all the puzzling sentences in this book, we confess that nothing puzzles us more than this: for both Gilson and Maritain aim at reviving medieval Scholasticism, whilst Dawson champions the old Catholic Europe, and all three proclaim with one voice the immutability, the transcendency of the one Church to which they belong.

✠ A.G.

2—THE WORKINGS OF A MEDIEVAL ARCHBISHOPRIC¹

HISTORICAL scholarship owes a solid debt of gratitude to the S.P.C.K. for the publication of these volumes. The printing of such a work must have been a costly undertaking, and while we hope that in the long run it may prove to be even financially remunerative, as it thoroughly deserves to be, there are, we fancy, few private firms which would be willing just now to face the risk involved. It would have been a thousand pities if the years of painstaking research which Dr. Irene Josephine Churchill must have devoted to her task had been rendered abortive by the difficulty of finding a publisher. So far as our knowledge serves us, no other country can boast as yet of any similar monograph carried out with the thoroughness which is here made manifest in the text, notes and appendix of documents. And, what may specially appeal to the readers of this journal, we have nowhere detected any trace of a controversial *arrière-pensée* presenting the facts in a light favourable to Anglican theories of continuity, or emphasizing unduly the corruptions of medieval Church administration. There may be points regarding which one might

¹ *Canterbury Administration, the administrative machinery of the Archbishopric of Canterbury illustrated from original records.* By Irene Josephine Churchill. London: S.P.C.K. 2 Vols. Pp. xiv, 616 and 368. Price, 42s.

be tempted to question the author's deductions, but these are few, and the sincerity of her treatment can nowhere be in doubt.

This book, which deals primarily with "the administrative machinery of the archbishopric of Canterbury" in the period preceding the changes of the Reformation, is based upon a conscientious study of the archiepiscopal registers, the greater portion of which still remain unprinted. They begin with the episcopate of the Franciscan, Archbishop Pecham—so Dr. Churchill elects to spell the name—in 1279, and the series from that date forward is almost complete. Two main divisions of the subject-matter naturally suggest themselves, the first being concerned with "the Archbishop in his diocese and immediate jurisdictions," the second, to which considerably more space is devoted, dealing with the Archbishop's relations to his province. The treatment is, throughout, clear and orderly. The subheadings, too numerous to be specified in detail in the short notice which our available space alone renders possible, are dealt with separately, and in the main chronologically. An immense amount of information, much of which will be new to all who have not specialized in the study of episcopal registers, is made accessible concerning such topics as Rural Deans, Sequestrations, Pluralities, Papal Provisions, Metropolitan Visitations, Provincial Councils, jurisdiction in testamentary matters, the Court of Arches, etc., etc., while in an "Epilogue" of nearly fifty pages consideration is given to the bearing of these data upon the ecclesiastical administration which prevailed after the breach with Rome. At the same time the author does not profess to have provided an exhaustive historical study of the entire field. As she herself points out, "such great matters as finance, papal relations, relations with the Crown, to take but a few, may seem to receive treatment inadequate to their relative importance." But the book is in many ways a model of what such a work should be. The second volume provides an excellent selection of important texts, as well as a very complete and judicious index. Moreover, Dr. Churchill, who acts as Assistant Librarian at Lambeth, has not been content to explore the records immediately under her hand, but she has consulted a mass of other documents in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, at Somerset House, the Rochester Diocesan Registry and many more famous collections. To Canon Claude Jenkins, the Lambeth Librarian, she expresses her obligations with gratitude for the "imperturbable patience" with which he has helped and inspired her work. This is an association which of itself alone would be a guarantee for thoroughness and accuracy. We ought, perhaps, to add that, as the title page informs us, the book is "published for the Church Historical Society."

H.T.

3—THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS¹

AFTER a somewhat lingering start, the great enterprise of re-editing, revising and supplementing that hagiographical classic, *Butler's Lives of the Saints*, shouldered originally by Father Thurston alone, but now shared with other collaborators, is proceeding with commendable rapidity. The first four volumes have now been published, whilst Mr. Attwater, who has undertaken, in the second half, the spade-work assigned to Miss Norah Leeson in the first, has already issued two volumes in his section. In all cases the material passes under the critical eyes of Father Thurston who supplies source-material, bibliographies and notes, so that the new "Butler" will be a thoroughly reliable as well as an exhaustive work. In the April volume the number of new lives, either undealt with by Butler or entirely re-written, amounts to 154, whilst those merely shortened and revised total 102. There are many biographies of special interest to English readers; those for instance, of various English martyrs, of St. George, of St. Anselm, of St. Stephen Harding, but there are relatively few saints of the month who have universal appeal—St. Peter Canisius, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Paul of the Cross being perhaps the chief.

In the August volume, on the other hand, occur the feasts of many Saints of popular fame—St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Dominic, St. Clare, St. Bernard, St. Jane Frances, St. Alphonsus Liguori, the Curé d'Ars—whose careers have attracted Protestant writers as well as Catholic. A note on Our Lady's Feast, August 15th, states briefly the origins of the festival, and the gradual development of the venerable tradition of her corporal assumption into Heaven. The lives of the English martyrs include some fascinating records of sturdy heroism—those, for instance, of BB. John Kemble, David Lewis, and Edmund Arrowsmith. What is practically new matter in this volume amounts to eighty-eight out of 177 lives, to say nothing of supplementary details furnished to the old entries.

Half the great undertaking has now been published, and the remainder, we believe, is well in hand. The completed work will be a monument of scholarship and edification, and an immense asset to English-speaking Catholicism, which it behoves Catholics to recognize and appreciate by doing all they can to spread the knowledge of it. We all of us, by our imperfect lives, do some-

¹ (1) *The Lives of the Saints by Alban Butler*: a New Edition. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Vol. IV, April. Edited by H. Thurston, S.J., and Norah Leeson. Pp. xv. 361. Price, 7s. 6d. Vol. VIII, August. Edited by H. Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater. Pp. xii. 406. Price, 7s. 6d. (2) *Un Saint pour chaque jour du Mois*. Janvier—Juillet. Paris: La Bonne Presse. 6 Vols. Pp. 250 each. Price, 5.00 fr. each. (3) *The English Way*: Essays in Spiritual Biography by various authors. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 388. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

thing to obscure the Church's Note of Holiness: by buying and making known these records of those whose light *did* shine before men, we can do something to atone.

The second compilation under review—*Un Saint pour chaque Jour du Mois*—has primarily edification as object. The lives, of approximately the same length, are selected and arranged for devotional reading, follow the order of the Church's calendar, and are copiously illustrated by rather crude woodcuts. These selected biographies originally appeared in a periodical called *La Revue des Saints*, and aim happily at carrying out the object of that paper, viz., to familiarize the Catholic public with the great ideals of their Faith as realized in so many of every age. Here, too, sources and bibliographies are appended, which show that the collection is not a mere group of edifying legends.

The sixteen holy folk whose careers are studied in *The English Way* were not all canonized Saints, but all, at any rate, showed an unchanging appreciation of holiness and a longing for it, in their different ways and degrees, conditioned in each case by their English temperament. Knowing the essential catholicity of sanctity in its fullest development, one naturally finds temperament more apparent in those who are less holy: in other words, the nearer a soul approaches God, the more it assumes the permanent characteristics of a citizen of Heaven. However, we may readily grant that no one can be wholly uninfluenced by the salient dispositions of his race and the outlook of his contemporaries, and certainly the types of holiness presented here could not be exactly paralleled elsewhere. Both subjects and authors have been chosen with singular aptness, and we have a series of cameo-sketches, beginning with St. Bede and ending with Cardinal Newman, remarkable for their clearness and brilliancy, and very moving in their spiritual appeal. *Ecclesia Anglicana*, whose every phase is pictured here, has reason to be proud of her children. Where all are eminently readable, one may, without unfairness, recommend especially Father Martindale's sketch of Campion, Mr. Chesterton on Alfred and Father D'Arcy's delicately-fashioned appreciation of Newman.

SHORT NOTICES

LITURGICAL.

AN American book, *The Treasure of the Liturgy—The Sacrifice, the Sacramentals, the Sacraments*, by the Rev. N. Maas (The Bruce Publishing Co. : \$2.25), whilst fairly exhaustive, is intended apparently for a simple class of readers. No doubt it contains much that is informative and edifying, but it raises some doubts as to the soundness of the author's practical judgment. Does a new convert, for example, need to be told what the "Golden

Mass" was? And when he learns, from p. 32, that it was "a Mass, celebrated formerly on Wednesdays of the quarter tenses of Advent," will he not have some difficulty in discovering that the "quarter tenses" are otherwise called "Ember Days," and will he not want to know how many Wednesdays there are in an Ember Week? We do not come across any mention of Ember Days, as such, until we get to p. 156, where we learn to our surprise that "these days were introduced by the Apostles." Not less astonishing is it to learn on p. 141 that the practice of exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is proved by a discourse of St. Gregory Nazianzen after the death of his sister Horgonia (*sic*).

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A new study of **Charles de Foucauld, Maître de vie intérieure**, by M. M. Vaussard ("Editions du Cerf": 15.00 fr.), burns with an enthusiasm that almost turns the work into a series of five glowing meditations. The life of de Foucauld has been ably written by the late René Bazin; the present volume attempts to reveal his soul, first in its time of unrest, then of certainty, lastly in its apostolate. The author has always in mind the lessons it conveys to the present generation; it describes de Foucauld as a twentieth century saint.

Our only complaint against **Frédéric Ozanam and his Society** (B.O. & W. : 1s.) appositely produced when the world is celebrating the first Centenary of the birth of that great organization, founded in Paris in 1833, is its brevity. The character it pictures is so fascinating that one longs for more and more details. Ozanam is, if not the pioneer, at least the personification of that lay Catholic Action, the necessity of which is only just beginning to be realized. There was little difficulty in recognizing *him* as a Christian, so obvious was the supernatural charity that inspired his all-too-short active life. Father Brodrick, master of his subject, emphasizes the high lights of that brilliant career, skims for us the cream of that Catholic character, and gives us a clearly-defined impression of an exceptionally noble soul—a lesson eloquent for all time, but particularly for our own.

Mr. Joseph Clayton has contributed a pleasantly-written account of the life-work of **St. Anselm** (Bruce Publishing Co. : \$1.75) Archbishop of Canterbury, to the American "Science and Culture Series," edited by Father Husslein. Though the book can hardly claim to have brought any new evidence to light, many readers will prefer to have this concise story, based upon the trustworthy narrative of Eadmer, and will gladly dispense with a discussion of minute points of historical erudition. It is, however, rather surprising to meet with the statement, made on p. 162 and virtually endorsed by the general editor (p. vii), that there is no full biography of the Saint in English by a Catholic writer. Not only have we the two big volumes of Mr. Martin Rule, himself a convert, but there was an English translation, published at St. Ed-

mund's College, as far back as 1842, of the Life by Dr. Möhler, and there is another recent and original biography (1911) in the Notre Dame series. The author is also surely mistaken in attributing to St. Anselm the authorship of a tractate in defence of the Immaculate Conception. The Saint's own view was adverse to that doctrine. It was Eadmer who, after Anselm's death, wrote in a contrary sense. But let us recognize that these are not matters which will greatly trouble the devotee in search of edification. The book is very readable; we only wish it had not been called on the title page "a critical biography."

The appeal of Father Jerome Wilms's volume *Albert the Great* (B.O. & W.: 15s.), translated from the German original by Father A. English, O.P., and Philip Hereford, unlike that just noticed, is not so much to the general reader as to the student, and more especially the student of theology. The biographical matter is comparatively slight, but the author has produced an erudite study of the activities of this new Doctor of the Church, bristling with references to the recent literature of the subject. His book seems to touch, at least briefly, upon all St. Albert's varied intellectual interests. Prominence is naturally given to the Saint's contributions to medieval science, but Father Wilms does not seem to have made acquaintance with the work done in this field by Professor C. Singer and other English scholars. One of our main sources of information regarding St. Albert is the account written by the Dominican, Henricus de Hervordia (*i.e.*, Herford in Westphalia). It is curious that throughout the book the translators have rendered this as Henry of Hereford, as if he were an Englishman.

HISTORICAL.

We have some difficulty in putting Mr. Milton Waldman's *Elizabeth* (Longmans: 12s. 6d. n.) in the category of history, so freely does the author select and elaborate his materials in order to present a pleasing and plausible picture of the second Tudor Queen. The work, notwithstanding the extensive bibliography consulted, cannot be taken as serious history. After all, historical science does progress, positions are established, fictions finally demolished. Mr. Waldman cares little for the conclusions of careful historians like Professor Cheyney, and on the religious question he is often hopelessly astray as to material facts. Although not reliable, the book is readable, but it does not carry the story beyond the defeat of the Armada.

The tercentenary volume of the Sisters of Charity, *Les Filles de la Charité* (Desclée: 12.00 fr.) is, indeed, worthy of its subject. Three authors have been chosen to write its three sections: Père Coste, the eminent author of the recent Life of St. Vincent de Paul, has written the history of the Congregation; M. Charles Baussau, the author of the Life of Sister Rosalie, the section on

the work of the Sisters in the nineteenth century; the missionary story has been entrusted to M. Georges Goyau. The whole is a wonderful record. Père Coste, as might be expected, dwells upon the spirit of St. Vincent, and the way it was infused into, and absorbed by, his Daughters of Charity; his section is the shortest, perhaps because he has written so much about the Sisters in his recent great work. M. Baussau divides his section into three parts, discussing in turn the work of the Sisters in schools, in charitable institutions, and in social service. It is a record that leaves one breathless; the canvas is so crowded with good works, yet in such a way that the spirit that breathes through them is never lost. In the section on the missions we are carried away by M. Georges Goyau's usual enthusiasm; for he takes us from Europe to Egypt, China, and more, and when he speaks of the martyrs of 1870 at Tien-Tsin he is positively triumphant. Excellent photos illustrate the volume, which is a model tercentenary record.

Father H. Gense's manuals of English History hold their own amongst many competitors. His **English History to 1485** (Macmillan: 2s. 6d.) is now in its third revised edition. His treatment concentrates on facts which are unrelieved by picturesque presentment, and either a skilful teacher or a certain amount of collateral reading seems needed to make the method really educational. His array of authorities shows that his (secondary) sources are sound.

It is difficult to do discriminating justice to a volume, **Byzantine Civilization**, by Steven Runciman, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (Arnold: 16s.). Of all periods of history none demands more sympathy on the part of the historian than the period called Byzantine; yet, with all his undoubted knowledge and reading, the author of this book can scarcely be called sympathetic. There is a tone of contempt and belittling running through all his work; weaknesses are used as illustrations, greatnesses are seldom seen. Again, of all periods, none demand on the part of the student a greater knowledge of theology; yet, with all his other learning, of theology the author has too profound a contempt to make it worth his while to learn more than its terms. Thus, for instance, he thinks it enough to say of the Nestorian heresy: "Nestorius divided the nature of Christ into two, the human and the divine. This was an unpopular move, because it logically led to an attack on the beloved patroness of Constantinople, the Virgin Mary, who was threatened with the loss of her title, the Mother of God" (p. 115).

The author has crowded into three hundred pages the history of eleven centuries, with chapters on their Law, Religion, Army and Navy, Commerce, Life, Education, Literature, Art, and Foreign Relations; a remarkable feat indeed, but, all considered, was it worth while? Detail in the book is bewilderingly abundant.

The reader is not left time to pause and weigh the value of that detail; when he forces himself free and compares what he has read with the balanced judgment of others, he is slow to admit many of the generalizations which Mr. Runciman often draws from an interpretation of a single fact.

APOLOGETIC.

Once more, and it cannot be done too often, the attempt is made to reach the ordinary man, and to bring home to him the real divinity of Christ our Lord, in *Ecce Homo?* by the Rev. Francis X. McCabe, C.M. (Bruce Publishing Co. : \$1.00). The author has taken certain events in the life of Christ, from the Nativity to the Resurrection, adding also the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, and has drawn from them their witness in all its significance, with an intensity of conviction on his own part that cannot but impress the fair-minded. The style is popular, the argument one of appeal; incidentally, we are given fresh light on the whole character of Jesus.

Couched in the form of a little play introducing half a score of characters, M. René Duverne, in *Tu N'Es Pas Seul . . .* (Ass. A. Retté : 4.00 fr.), has composed a useful defence of the act of faith, helpful to the student of religion as well as of French, for the argument is well developed, and the language very colloquially idiomatic.

DEVOTIONAL.

It would be hard to imagine a more perfect book for very small children than *Jesus and I*, by the Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J. (Loyola University Press, Chicago : \$0.40). Father Heeg summarizes its contents in a short introductory letter: "In this little book 1) I see and learn all about Jesus, 2) He teaches me my prayers, 3) He helps me with my catechism, 4) He prepares me for Confession and Holy Communion." (This is done in the simplest of child language, which yet never loses its dignity, with coloured illustrations on every other page, taking the child through the life of Our Lord and beyond. In a pocket at the end is a booklet, "Our Little Question Box," summarizing in questions all the contents of this real little masterpiece.

Mother Mary Philip, of the Bar Convent, York, must be an indefatigable worker. In her latest little book, *In Praise of Mary* (B.O. & W. : 3s. 6d.), she has collected thoughts on many of Our Lady's Feasts and Titles, and on some of the liturgical prayers in her honour. As in a former book, some of the thoughts are her own, some gathered from many sources. At the end are the Little Office, and other prayers and hymns.

A Kempis tells us to regard what is said rather than who says it, and the advice is sound. But when one aspires to be a teacher in Israel, it is more satisfactory for the taught to make known

one's credentials. We look in vain for these in connexion with "F. Pohl" who, nevertheless, writes a very useful book on the spiritual life—**The House of the Spirit** (B.O. & W. : 3s.) the outcome, if not of experience, at least of wide reading and full understanding. It professes to legislate for those souls who have no definite call either to religious life or to the holy state of matrimony, and to explain how they may yet try to reach perfection by a very distinct route, that of detachment from creatures—the essence of the doctrine resembling the "abandonment" of de Causade. There is much sound common-sense teaching in the book, coupled with the vagueness inseparable from dealing with spiritual things in material metaphor and a too apodictic tone, and it should greatly encourage those "contemplative lay-people" for whom it is primarily intended.

We had occasion last year to welcome the first volume of **La Vie Mystique de Saint Paul**, by Chanoine Henri Morice. The second volume has now been published (Téqui : 10.00 fr.), and is likely to prove as popular as the first. In the former work St. Paul was studied as a contemplative, a doctor of the Church, especially in his exposition of the sacraments, and as a soul "possessed by Christ." In the new volume we see him in his asceticism, made like unto Christ, as an Apostle, a member of the Mystical Body, and lastly as a man, with all his contrasts and many-sidedness. A summary at the head of each chapter makes the work easy to read; we wish we could say the same for the type used. It would seem that a work such as this, so well annotated, and likely to be of great service as a commentary on St. Paul, deserves better service at the hands of the printers.

A Nun of the Assumption has written **A Liturgical Mass and Holy Communion Book for Little Children** (B.O. & W. : 1s. 6d.). It consists of about sixty excellent photos, on the left-hand pages, and a very short, child-like (but unaffected) prayer on the right, arranged rhythmically, according to the fashion set, we think, by Father Roche and used also by Archbishop Goodier. The book is thus altogether in keeping with the noticeably intensified desire of the Church that all should share actively in the Liturgy and truly "offer" Mass, and not merely be present "at" it; and again it is apt, in view of the Pope's wish that this second half of the Holy Year should be marked by a great increase of devotion to Mass. May the time come soon when congregations will intelligently utter aloud those parts of the Liturgy which belong to them. We are glad that "Russia" is explicitly mentioned in connexion with the prayers at the end of Mass, and we could wish that "For Russia" were always clearly prefixed to them. For we are sure that most people do not then consciously pray for that unhappy land, which prayer alone can redeem.

Devotion to the English Martyrs should be a marked characteristic of Catholics in this country who owe to these heroes and

heroines of the Faith, under God, their privilege of possessing, and their freedom in professing, that glorious heritage. Hence the booklet of meditations, couched very often in the words of the Martyrs which a nun of Tyburn, Mother Mary of St. Thomas, has issued with the title **At the Feet of the King of Martyrs** (Catholic Records Press: 1s. 6d.) should be warmly welcomed amongst the faithful. We, too, are "witnesses" to Christ's Truth and Morality: this book will help to make our witness stronger.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The truth in Communism that tends to hide its falsehood, the religion of Bolshevism, giving it a hold on its votaries which seems to be more than natural, the psychological basis of Nihilism and Atheism which to the ordinary man appear inhuman, are excellently and very clearly brought out in **Problème du Communisme**, by Nicolas Berdiaeff (Desclée, Paris). In the three essays that make up this volume, the author's aim is not so much to condemn or refute Communism, Nihilism, Bolshevism, but rather to show how much they have to say for themselves, how strong is at least one premise of their syllogism. But this makes him only the more clear in his analysis and criticism; we would put this little book among the best we have seen on the subject. In his treatment of the Soviets especially, the author carefully distinguishes between one leader and another, showing the phases that each represents.

To those of our readers who are already acquainted with that fine race of Catholic squires of the Penal times, the Blundells of Crosby, Lancashire, it will be good news that Messrs. Longmans announce for publication this month a volume of the correspondence of William Blundell the "Cavalier"—the same whose delightful "Notebook" was published some fifty years ago. He lived through stirring times (1620—1698) and among his correspondents are not a few of those, martyrs and others, whose lives ennobled them—notably his personal friend, the lawyer, Blessed Richard Langhorne. If anyone wishes to see the pleasure he may expect to find in this good squire's letters, we refer him to the samples which appeared in two articles in **THE MONTH** for July, 1929 and July, 1932, both from the pen of Miss Margaret Blundell, who also edits the forthcoming volume.

Assuming some knowledge of the Koran, or at least with the text always at hand, **A brief doctrinal Commentary on the Arabic Koran**, by F. H. Foster, Ph.D. (Sheldon Press: 3s.), is an excellent key to the mind and teaching of the Prophet. The author has accepted, almost entirely, Nöldeke's historical arrangement of the Suras, and accepts generally Rodwell's translation; his aim has been to bring out the growth of the teaching of Mohammed, its strength and its weakness. As he well says, Mohammedanism, like other religions, is going through its crisis at the present time; and while in many fields it would seem as intransigent as it has

ever been, still the influence of education, and the West in general, has told upon it in a single generation in a way that is trying it to the very core. The author's conclusion is one that anyone who has dealt with educated Mohammedans will surely confirm: there is strength in their faith, there is a moral standard of its own kind, but there is little cohesion, and no theology.

The author of *La Maison, Fragment d'Autobiographie*, M. Raymond Gourg (Aubanel, Avignon, France), tells us that his poem is for children, also that he mistrusts reviewers. We will not, therefore, trouble him more than necessary. He writes in blank verse, he does not like Englishmen,—or did not before the war—he says that children so loved his work that they wished to read it when they grew older. For M. Gourg's sake, we would ask his readers not to compare *La Maison* with *The Angel in the House*.

Mr. John Nibb brings a robust common sense and a considerable dialectical power to the analysis of various commonly accepted conventions—evolution, speed, progress, tariffs, nationalism—and, while posing himself as the average believer in those things, represents his critic as an eccentric sceptic: hence the title of his amusing and suggestive essays, *Man—the Madman* (Elliot Stock: 3s. 6d. n.).

Mr. George F. H. Berkeley, author of a book reviewed in our last issue called "Italy in the Making: 1815—1846," writes to explain that, in styling him a Catholic, we were mistaken. He is a Protestant. We venture to think that this fact enhances the value of his book which, with such rare candour and impartiality, sets right so many mistaken views on that tangled period, and clears the Church and Catholics of so many false imputations. It cannot, in any sense, be called an *ex parte* statement, dictated by Catholic bias.

FICTION.

Readers of THE MONTH will not have forgotten the pleasant stories of Irish life which Miss W. M. Letts used, from time to time, to contribute to its pages, and they will, therefore, welcome the collection of tales and sketches which she has lately published with the title of *Knockmaroon* (John Murray: 7s. 6d. n.). She brings to studies of the past and present a mind full of culture and a heart full of sympathy, and sheds over all her pictures a pleasant glow of humour. Although alien in faith to the people she loves, she appreciates better than any Anglo-Irish writer we know their essential spirituality. Happily-inspired verses are scattered through the book, and there are some nice line-drawings by Kathleen Verschoyle. One fine story—"The Man who burnt his Crucifix"—is outstanding in its keen perception of ultimate values.

NON-CATHOLIC.

The Anglican Bishop of Southwark who writes a preface to *Marriage, Children and God* (Allen & Unwin: 6s. n.), by Mr. Claud

Mullins, a London magistrate, takes up the illogical "Lambeth" standpoint on contraception—"practise it only if necessary, but on Christian principles." It is not to be wondered at that the layman whose book he sponsors should also be widely astray on the moral aspects of the question and, by wholly ignoring the sacramental character of marriage with all that it implies, should misunderstand the unchanging Catholic doctrine that artificial conception-prevention is, like murder, intrinsically evil. Mr. Mullins writes temperately and means to be fair to the Catholic view: there is much in his indictment of marital selfishness with which one must agree: but he, of all men, should know that "hard cases make bad law."

It is difficult to estimate the work of Mr. Archibald Weir, M.A. In *For To-day*, Modern Thoughts secured on the Fame of Marcus Aurelius (Blackwell: 8s. 6d.), the very title and sub-title seem almost designedly baffling. The book is dedicated to "the Greekless, the Graceless, and the Fearless," and "No notice is sought from the Timid, the Smug, or the Pedantic." Who are included in these classes, we presume the author alone is to judge. We gather that Mr. Weir believes Christianity to be not only dead but forgotten, since "nothing is now heard about the plan" of salvation which it once preached. Instead he has discovered that the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius are the real scripture, for all times and especially for our own; and he proceeds to ramble in and out among the pages of the Antonine Emperor, seeing all kinds of lessons and applications for modern men to recognize. We need not follow this self-appointed and not very competent guide any further.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The last four issues, Nos. 12—15, of *The Catholic Mind* (America Press: 5 cents each) preserve for reference such notable articles as that on *The Group Movement*, by Father Knox, *Agriculture and Catholic Principles*, by the Hierarchy of the Cincinnati Province, U.S.A., *A Program of Social Justice*: the resolutions passed by "The National Catholic Alumni Association," U.S.A., and *The Grail Movement*, from our own pages: all admirable "apologetic" which should not be forgotten.

It is not easy to keep pace with the output of the C.T.S. Amongst recent new and admirable twopenny pamphlets are: *The Theory and Objective of Bolshevism*, by Walter Legge, *Mother Stuart*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., *The After Life* (one of the "Student's Series"), by W. J. Blyton, *The Legion of Mary*, by Father Leonard, C.P., *Twelve Catholic Bishops and the Elizabethan Government*, by Rev. E. Quinn, *Lanherne: the oldest Carmel in England*, by P.C.P.W., and *The Story of the Universities*, by Susan Cunningham, M.A.—all deserving of attentive reading and wide dissemination. *Communism*, by Father Lewis Watt, is

in its fourth edition, **Pastor Chiniquy**, by Father S. Smith, in its 18th thousand.

Catholics and Communism, by Father D'Andria, S.J., and Frank Callachan, is an important pamphlet issued by the Glasgow Branch of the C.E.G., a need not only in its immediate locality. Father George Bull, S.J., reprints in pamphlet form his recent address to the Fordham Convocation of Faculties on **The Function of the Catholic College**.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS.

The Catholic Mind. Nos. 12—15. Price, 5c. each.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

Frédéric Ozanam and His Society. By Rev. J. Brodrick, S.J. With Frontispiece. Pp. 59. Price, 1s.

C.T.S., London.

Several twopenny pamphlets and reprints.

COLLEGIO S. ALESSIO FALCONIERI, Rome.

Studi Storici. Fasc. 3. Pp. 176.

DENT & SONS, London.

The Life of Richard Rolle. By Frances M. M. Comper. Cheaper edition. Pp. xx. 340. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

DESLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.

Lettres à Véronique de Léon Bloy. With an Introduction by Jacques Maritain. Pp. xx. 112. Price, 13.50 fr.

FROM THE AUTHOR, Travancore.

St. Thomas the Apostle in History and Legend. By K. E. Job. Pp. 10.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

The Mystery of the Eucharist. By Rev. A. M. O'Neil, O.P. Pp. vii. 157. Price, 5s.

HEFFER & SONS, LTD., Cambridge.

Our Lady of Cambridgeshire. By M. S. Gabrielle Breeze. With an Appendix by Canon J. B. Marshall. Pp. vi. 25. Price, 6d. *The Catholic Revival*. By Charles Smyth. Pp. 21. Price, 6d.

MAISON DE LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Almanach des Vacances, 1933. Illustrated. Pp. 128. Price, 1.25 fr. *Les Grands Jours de la Rédemption*. Illustrated. Pp. 127.

NATIONAL LABORATORY OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, London.

Rudi Schneider. Pp. 31. Price, 2s. n.

PONTIFICAL BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Rome.

Novum Testamentum Grace et Latine. Edited by A. Merk, S.J. Pp. xxxvi. 854. With 4 maps. Price, 18.00 l.

PONT. INST. ORIENT. STUDIORUM, Rome.

La Chiesa Caldea nel secolo dell'Unione. By Mons. Giuseppe Beltrami. Pp. xvi. 283.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, Toronto.

Algazel's Metaphysics. A Medieval Translation. Edited by Rev. J. T. Muckle, C.S.B. Pp. xix. 248.

S.P.C.K., London.

The Counter-Reformation (1550—1600). By B. J. Kidd, D.D. Pp. 271. Price, 8s. 6d. *A Survey of Mystical Symbolism*. By Mary Anita Ewer. Pp. 234. Price, 8s. 6d.

TÉQUI, Paris.

La Femme Chrétienne et Française. By Mgr. Chapon. 4th Edition. Pp. 225. Price, 10.00 fr. *La Souffrance et Nous*. By R. P. Sanson, Cong. Orat. Pp. 224. Price, 10.00 fr. n. *Figures de Miraculés*. By Louis de Bonnières. With an Introduction by Mgr. Gerlier. Illustrated. Pp. xv. 273. Price, 10.00 fr. *Eve Laval-lière*. By H. Willette. Illustrated. Pp. xxv. 204. Price, 10.00 fr. *Le Credo des Humbles*. By Mgr. Gibier. Edited by A. Rosat. Illustrated. Pp. xviii. 300. Price, 10.00 fr. *Non-Mariées*. By Abbé Charles Grimaud. Illustrated. Pp. 320. Price, 10.00 fr.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington.

United States Ministers to the Papal States: Instructions and Despatches, 1848—1868. Edited, with Introduction, by Leo F. Stock, Ph.D., LL.D. Pp. xxxix. 456. Price, \$5.00. *Thasci Cæcili Cypriani de Mortalitate*. By Mary Louise Hannan, M.A. Pp. xii. 103.

